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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France, during the Revolution; with original and authentic Anecdotes of Contemporary Sovereigns, &c. From the Journals, Letters, and Conversations of the Princess Lamballe. By a Lady of Rank, in the confidential service of that unfortunate Princess. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826. Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, jun., and Richter.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many memoirs already published relative to the period of which these volumes treat, the present contribution to its illustration will be received with a high degree of interest. Of the authentic nature of these revelations, we do not imagine that any doubt can be entertained: the author must be well known by her own description, and were she other than she claims to be, a direct contradiction would at once be given to her whole story. It may, therefore, be received as truth, that she was in the close and confidential service of the Princess Lamballe; that she enjoyed very superior opportunities of knowing the movements and feelings of the royal family of France; and that the Princess herself left papers in her hands which throw a clear light over many of the most remarkable circumstances of this strange, plausible, and sanguinary era.

With such strong claims to attention, from its intrinsic qualities, this account is rendered still more acceptable by the matters to which it relates—the prodigies and intrigues of a dissolute court and unprincipled courtiers—the scandals and anecdotes—the pictures of manners—the frequent development of secret springs of action—the growing complication of events—the progress of unhappy errors, till they engulfed a nation in crimes of the most dreadful atrocity—and the deep, deep tragedy of the conclusion, form a subject for contemplation, wonder, horror, and sympathy, such as no narrative of fiction ever bodied forth. The only drawback upon the work, as it regards this country, is a certain want of delicacy in stating some facts and in painting some scenes, which, though agreeable to the most polished society and usages of France, are calculated to exclude the Memoirs from the eyes of British females. This we do not impute as a fault; for what is considered to be indecorous among one people, is perfectly innocent among another—it is public opinion which, in many cases, makes the decency or indecency of the same thing: we only regret that so interesting a production should have such an inherent blemish, too, which must prevent us from extracting many of its striking passages into our (thus) limited Review. What we can with propriety do, we now proceed to perform.

The author's sentiments respecting three ladies whose literary efforts have made them well known to the world, would naturally claim an early notice in a *Literary Gazette*:—we allude to Mad. de Genlis, Mad. Campan, and Lady Morgan. Of the first she says—

"I was riding in the carriage with the Princess Lamballe, when a lady drove by, who saluted my benefactress with marked attention and respect. There was something in the manner of the princess, after receiving the salute, which impelled me, spite of myself, to ask who the lady was. 'Madame de Genlis,' exclaimed her highness, with a shudder of disgust, 'that lamb's face, with a wolf's heart and a fox's cunning.' Or to quote her own Italian phrase, which I have here translated, 'colla faccia d'agnello, il cuore d'un lupo e la dritura della volpe.' When we arrived at my lodgings (which were then, for private reasons, at the Irish Convent, where Sacchini and other masters attended to further me in the accomplishments of the fine arts), 'Sing me something,' said the princess, 'Cantate mi qualche cosa,' 'for I never see that woman' (meaning Madame de Genlis) 'but I feel ill, and out of humour. I wish it may not be the foreboding of some great evil.'"

"The Duke of Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, was never a favourite of the queen. He was only tolerated at court on account of his wife, and of the great intimacy which subsisted between him and Count D'Artois. Louis XVI. had often expressed his disapprobation of the duke's character, which his conduct daily justified. The Princess Lamballe could have no cause to think of her brother-in-law but with horror. He had insulted her, and, in revenge at his defeat, had, it was said, deprived her, by the most awful means, of her husband. The princess was tenderly attached to her sister-in-law, the dutchess. Her attachment could not but make her look very unfavourably upon the circumstance of the duke's subjecting his wife to the humiliation of residing in the palace with Madame de Genlis, and being forced to receive a person of morals so incorrect as the guardian of her children. The dutchess had complained to her father, the Duke de Penthièvre, in the presence of the Princess Lamballe, of the very great ascendancy Madame de Genlis exercised over her husband; and had even requested the queen to use her influence in detaching the duke from this connexion. But she had too much gentleness of nature not presently to forget her resentment. Being much devoted to her husband, rather than irritate him to further neglect by personal remonstrance, she determined to make the best of a bad business, and tolerated Madame de Genlis, although she made no secret among her friends and relations of the reason why she did so. Nay, so far did her wish not to disoblige her husband prevail over her own feelings, as to induce her to yield at last to his importunities, by frequently proposing to present Madame de Genlis to the queen. But Madame de Genlis never could obtain either a public or a private audience. Though the queen was a great admirer of merit, and was fond of encouraging talents, of which Madame de Genlis was by no means deficient, yet even the account the dutchess herself had given, had her majesty possessed no other means of know-

ledge, would have sealed that lady's exclusion from the opportunities of display at court, which she sought so earnestly. There was another source of exasperation against the Duke of Orleans, and the great cause of a new, and though less obtrusive, yet perhaps an equally dangerous foe, under all the circumstances, in Madame de Genlis. The anonymous slander of the one was circulated through all France by the other; and spleen and disappointment feathered the venomous arrows shot at the heart of power by malice and ambition! Be the charge true or false, these anonymous libels were generally considered as the offspring of this lady; they were industriously scattered by the Duke of Orleans; and their frequent refutation by the queen's friends only increased the malignant industry of their inventor. * *

"The queen certainly visited the former governess as she had done the Dutchesse de Duras, and many other frequenters of her court parties; but she made the Dutchesse de Polignac's her court; and all the courtiers of that court, and, I may say, the great personages of all France, as well as the ministers, and all foreigners of distinction, held there their usual rendezvous; consequently, there was nothing wanting but the guards in attendance in the queen's apartments, to have made it a royal residence, suitable for the reception of the illustrious personages that were in the constant habit of visiting these levees, assemblies, balls, routs, pic-nics, dinner, supper, and card parties. I have seen ladies at the Princess Lamballe's come from these card parties with their laps so blackened by the quantities of gold received in them, that they have been obliged to change their dresses to go to supper. Many a *chevalier d'industrie*, and young military spendthrift, has made his harvest here. Thousands were won and lost, and the ladies were generally the dupes of all those who were the constant speculative attendants. The Princess Lamballe did not like play, but when it was necessary she did play, and won or lost to a limited extent; but the prescribed sum once exhausted or gained, she left off. In set parties, such as those of whist, she never played, except when one was wanted; often excusing herself on the score of its requiring more attention than it was in her power to give to it, and her reluctance to sacrifice her partner; though I have heard Beau Dillon, the Duke of Dorset, Lord Edward Dillon, and many others, say, that she understood and played the game much better than many who had a higher opinion of their skill in it. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was admitted to the parties at the Dutchesse de Polignac's on his first coming to Paris; but when his connexion with the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis became known, he was informed that his society would be dispensed with. The famous, or rather the infamous, Beckford was also excluded."

Of Madame Campan, a memoir-writer of the same epoch, our author gives, among other opinions, the following; which we rather quote, as it explains also her own pretensions.

"I do not know, however, that at my time of life, and after a lapse of thirty years, I should have been roused to the arrangement of the papers which I have combined to form this narrative, had I not met with the work of Madame Campan upon the same subject. This lady has said much that is true respecting the queen; but she has omitted much, and much she has misrepresented: not, I dare say, purposely; but from ignorance, and being wrongly informed. She was often absent from the service, and, on such occasions, must have been compelled to obtain her knowledge at second-hand. She herself told me, in 1803, at Ecouen, that, at a very important epoch, the peril of her life forced her from the seat of action. With the Princess Lamballe, who was so much about the queen, she never had any particular connexion. The princess certainly esteemed her for her devotedness to the queen; but there was a natural reserve in the princess's character, and a mistrust, resulting from circumstances, of all those who saw much company, as Madame Campan did. Hence, no intimacy was encouraged. Madame Campan never came to the princess without being sent for. An attempt has been made, since the Revolution, utterly to destroy all faith in the alleged attachment of Madame Campan to the queen, by the fact of her having received the daughters of many of the regicides, for education, into her establishment at Ecouen. Far be it from me to sanction so unjust a censure. Although what I mention hurt her character very much in the estimation of her former friends, and constituted one of the grounds of the dissolution of her establishment at Ecouen, on the restoration of the Bourbons, and may possibly, in some degree, have deprived her of such aids from their adherents as might have made her work unquestionable,—yet, what else, let me ask, could have been done by one dependent upon her exertions for support, and in the power of Napoleon's family and his emissaries? On the contrary, I would give my public testimony in favour of the fidelity of her feelings,—though in many instances I must withhold it from the fidelity of her narrative. Her being utterly isolated from the illustrious individual nearest to the queen, must necessarily leave much to be desired in her record. During the whole term of the Princess Lamballe's superintendence of the queen's household, Madame Campan never had any special communication with my benefactress, excepting once, about the things which were to go to Brussels, before the journey to Varennes; and once again, relative to a person of the queen's household, who had received the visits of Pétion, the mayor of Paris, at her private lodgings. This last communication I myself particularly remember, because, on that occasion, the princess addressing me in her own native language, Madame Campan, observing it, considered me as an Italian, till, by a circumstance I shall presently relate, she was undeceived. I should anticipate the order of events, and incur the necessity of speaking twice of the same things, were I here to specify the express errors in the work of Madame Campan. Suffice it now, that I observe, generally, her want of knowledge of the Princess Lamballe; her omission of many of the most interesting circumstances of the Revolution; her silence upon important anecdotes of the king, the queen, and several members of the first assembly; her mistakes concerning the Princess Lamballe's relations with the Dutchesse de Polignac, Count de Fersen, &c. &c. the Cardinal de Rohan, and others; her great miscalculation of the

time when the queen's confidence in Barnave began, and when that of the empress mother in Rohan ended; her misrepresentation of particulars relating to Joseph the Second; and her blunders concerning the affair of the necklace, and regarding the libel Madame Lamotte published in England with the connivance of Calonne: all these will be considered, with numberless other statements equally requiring correction, in their turn. What she has omitted, I trust I shall supply; and where she has gone astray, I hope to set her right; that, between the two, the future biographer of my august benefactress may be in no want of authentic materials, to do full justice to their honoured memories."

To Lady Morgan our author is not so indulgent. She writes thus—

"It now only remains for me to mention, that I have endeavoured to arrange every thing derived either from the papers of the Princess Lamballe, or from her remarks, my own observation, or the intelligence of others, in chronological order. It will readily be seen by the reader where the princess herself speaks, as I have invariably set apart my own recollections and remarks in paragraphs and notes, which are not only indicated by the heading of each chapter, but by the context of the passages themselves. I have also begun and ended what the princess says with an inverted comma. All the earlier part of the work, preceding her personal introduction, proceeds principally from her pen or her lips; I have done little more than changed it from Italian into English, and embodied thoughts and sentiments that were often disjointed and detached. And throughout, whether she or others speak, I may safely say, this work will be found the most circumstantial, and assuredly the most authentic, upon the subject of which it treats, of any that has yet been presented to the public of Great Britain. The press has been prolific in fabulous writings upon these times, which have been devoured with avidity. I hope John Bull is not so devoted to gilded foreign fictions as to spurn the unadorned truth from one of his down-right countrywomen: and let me advise him, *en passant*, not to treat us beauties of native growth with indifference at home; for we readily find compensation in the regard, patronage, and admiration of every nation in Europe. I am old now, and may speak freely. I wish it were in my power to include a certain lady in these kingdoms, who has recently written upon Italy, in my contrast between British accuracy and foreign fable. This lady seems quite unencumbered by the fetters of truth. She has either been deceived, or would herself be the deceiver, respecting the replacing of the famous horses at Venice. I was present at that ceremony; and when I cast my eyes over the fiction of Lady Morgan upon the subject, it made me grieve to see the account of a country so very interesting, and to me endeared by a residence of nearly thirty years, among real friends of humanity and general good faith, drawn by a hand so unhesitatingly inaccurate. As for her account of the Emperor of Austria and Maria Louisa,—Maria Louisa had never been at Venice at the time she mentions. When she did come there, it was merely to condole with her imperial father for the loss of her cousin and mother-in-law, the Empress Lodovica, daughter of the Archduke of Milan, the third wife of the emperor. This happened a considerable time after the restoration of the Golden Steeds of Lysippus. Besides, it was the Holy Week,

Settimana Santa, when there are never the attired performances in any part of Italy. The court, too, from the event I have stated, was in deep mourning. Sometimes I myself may be misled, and papers, which have been thirty years undisturbed, may retain inaccuracies. Still, whenever I assert from hearsay, I have been careful—at least, I have endeavoured so to do—to save my credit under the shield, beneath which all writers have it in their power to take shelter, the never-failing *salvo dotta*, the *on dit*. But neither the Count nor the Countess Cicognara, whatever their private reasons may be to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the Austrian government relative to themselves, could ever have asserted such flagrant falsehoods to Lady Morgan; the circumstances being too notorious even to the ciceroni of the Piazza, whose ignorance has spoiled the books of so many of her ladyship's predecessors."

We are sorry that the accounts of the marriage of Maria Antoinette come under the class of our unquotable articles: the author ascribes a great deal of the hatred which she stirred up in the breasts of the French court to her love of simplicity in dress. This habit, it seems, did not suit the habits of the ladies about her: and one of the monstrous results of the total neglect of his youthful bride by the Dauphin, is stated in detail—an attempt of Louis XV. to supplant his own grandson in her affections! No wonder that a curse fell upon this kingdom. "Louis XV. now began to act upon his secret passion to supplant his grandson, and make the dauphiness his own queen, by endeavouring to secure her affections to himself. His attentions were backed by gifts of diamonds, pearls, and other valuables, and it was at this period that Bohmer, the jeweller, first received the order for that famous necklace, which subsequently produced such dreadful consequences, and which was originally meant as a kindly present to the intended queen; though afterwards destined for Du Barry, had not the king died before the completion of the bargain for it."

The Cardinal de Rohan was another of the wretches whose guilty course of life contributed largely to force on the Revolution about a more accomplished scoundrel, it never has been our fate to read.

"The subtle Rohan designed to turn the anxiety of Maria Theresa about the dauphiness to account, and he was also aware that the ambition of the empress was paramount in Maria Theresa's bosom to the love of her child. He was about to play a deep and more than double game. By increasing the mother's jealousy of the daughter, and at the same time enhancing the importance of the advantages afforded by her situation, to forward the interests of the mother, he, no doubt, hoped to get both within his power: for who can tell what wild expectation might not have animated such a mind as Rohan's, at the prospect of governing, not only the court of France, but that of Austria?—the court of France, through a secret influence of his own dictation thrown around the dauphiness by the mother's alarm; and that of Austria, through a way he pointed out, in which the object that was most longed for by the mother's ambition seemed most likely to be achieved! While he endeavoured to make Maria Theresa beset her daughter with the spies I have mentioned, and which were generally of his own selection, he at the same time endeavoured to strengthen her impression of how important it was to her schemes to insure the daughter's co-operation.

Conscious of the eagerness of Maria Theresa for the recovery of the rich province which Frederick the Great of Prussia had wrested from her ancient dominions, he pressed upon her credulity the assurance that the influence of which the dauphiness was capable over Louis XV. by the youthful beauty's charms acting upon the dotard's admiration, would readily induce that monarch to give such aid to Austria as must insure the restoration of what it lost. Silesia, it has been before observed, was always a topic by means of which the weak side of Maria Theresa could be attacked with success. There is generally some peculiar frailty in the ambitions, through which the artful can throw them off their guard. The weak and tyrannical Philip II., whenever the recovery of Holland and the Low Countries was proposed to him, was always ready to rush headlong into any scheme for its accomplishment: the bloody Queen Mary, his wife, declared, that at her death the loss of Calais would be found engraven on her heart; and to Maria Theresa, Silesia was the Holland and Calais for which her wounded pride was thirsting. But Maria Theresa was wary, even in the midst of the credulity of her ambition. The Baron de Neni was sent by her privately to Versailles to examine personally whether there was any thing in Maria Antoinette's conduct requiring the extreme vigilance which had been represented as indispensable. The report of the Baron de Neni to his royal mistress was such as to convince her she had been misled, and her daughter misrepresented by Rohan. The empress instantly forbade him her presence. The cardinal, upon this, unknown to the court of Vienna, and indeed to every one, except his factotum, principal agent, and secretary, the Abbé Georcel, left the Austrian capital, and came to Versailles, covering his disgrace by pretended leave of absence. On seeing Maria Antoinette, he fell enthusiastically in love with her. To gain her confidence he disclosed the conduct which had been observed towards her by the empress, and in confirmation of the correctness of his disclosure, admitted that he had himself chosen the spies which had been set on her. Indignant at such meanness in her mother, and despising the prelate who could be base enough to commit a deed equally corrupt and uncalled for, and even thus wantonly betrayed when committed, the dauphiness suddenly withdrew from his presence, and gave orders that he should never be admitted to any of her parties. But his imagination was too much heated by a guilty passion of the blackest hue to recede, and his nature too presumptuous and fertile in expedients to be disconcerted. He soon found means to conciliate both mother and daughter; and both by pretending to manage with the one the self-same plot which, with the other, he was recommending himself by pretending to overthrow. To elude detection, he interrupted the regular correspondence between the empress and the dauphiness, and created a coolness, by preventing the communications which would have unmasked him, that gave additional security to the success of his deception. By the most diabolical arts, he obtained an interview with the dauphiness, in which he regained her confidence. He made her believe that he had been commissioned by her mother, as she had shewn so little interest for the house of Austria, to settle a marriage for her sister, the Archduchess Elizabeth, with Louis XV. The dauphiness was deeply affected at the statement. She could not conceal her agitation:

she involuntarily confessed how much she should deplore such an alliance. The cardinal instantly perceived his advantage, and was too subtle to let it pass. He declared, that as it was to him the negotiation had been confided, if the dauphiness would keep her own counsel, never communicate their conversation to the empress, but leave the whole matter to his management, and only assure him that he was forgiven, he would pledge himself to arrange things to her satisfaction. The dauphiness, not wishing to see another raised to the throne over her head and to her scorn, under the assurance that no one knew of the intention, or could prevent it, but the cardinal, promised him her faith and favour; and thus rashly fell into the spring of this wily intriguer. Exulting to find Maria Antoinette in his power, the cardinal left Versailles, as privately as he arrived there, for Vienna. His next object was to ensnare the empress, as he had done her daughter; and, by a singular caprice, fortune, during his absence, had been preparing for him the means."

Into these we will plunge no further: suffice it to say, that they are of unrivalled falsehood, forgery, and rascality. Except the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, no superior villain figures in these memoirs. Take an example. The Princess Lamballe was married to a son of the Duke de Penthièvre, and the Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, to a daughter of the same illustrious family.

"The Duke de Chartres, then possessing a very handsome person and most insinuating address, soon gained the affections of the amiable Mademoiselle Penthièvre. Becoming thus a member of the same family, he paid me the most assiduous attention. From my being his sister-in-law, and knowing he was aware of my great attachment to his young wife, I could have no idea that his views were criminally levelled at my honour, my happiness, and my future peace of mind. How, therefore, was I astonished and shocked, when he discovered to me his desire to supplant the legitimate object of my affections, whose love for me equalled mine for him! I did not expose this baseness of the Duke de Chartres, out of filial affection for my adopted father, the Duke de Penthièvre; out of the love I bore his amiable daughter, she being pregnant; and, above all, in consequence of the fear I was under of compromising the life of the prince, my husband, who, I apprehended, might be lost to me if I did not suffer in silence. But still, through my silence, he *was* lost—and oh, how dreadfully! The prince was totally in the dark as to the real character of his brother-in-law. He blindly became every day more and more attached to the man who was then endeavouring, by the foulest means, to blast the fairest prospects of his future happiness in life! But my guardian angel protected me from becoming a victim to seduction, defeating every attack by that prudence which has hitherto been my invincible shield. Guilt, unpunished in its first crime, rushes onward, and, hurrying from one misdeed to another, like the flood-tide, drives all before it! My silence, and his being defeated without reproach, armed him with courage for fresh daring, and he too well succeeded in embittering the future days of my life, as well as those of his own affectionate wife, and his illustrious father-in-law, the virtuous Duke de Penthièvre, who was to all a father. To revenge himself upon me for the repulse he met with, this man invaded my young, inexperienced husband from his bridal bed to those

infected with the nauseous poison of every vice! Poor youth! he soon became the prey of every refinement upon dissipation and studied debauchery, till, at length, his sufferings made his life a burden, and he died in the most excruciating agonies both of mind and body, in the arms of a disconsolate wife and a distracted father;—and thus, in a few short months, at the age of eighteen, was I left a widow, to lament my having become a wife!"

More in our next.

Specimens of German Romance. Selected and Translated from various Authors. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1826. G. B. Whittaker.

USHERED in by frontispieces as wildly extravagant and grotesque as ever entered into even a German brain, these tales are what they profess to be, *Specimens of German Romance*:—romance which, in spite of its imagination gone mad, and its extravagance of adventure, has a degree of strongly excited interest not often to be found in the more chastened pages of sober literature. There is considerable variety of style in these selections: the first, "The Patricians," takes an historical ground, and seems a very curious as well as vivid picture of the manners in a stormy period, when the civic authority and the nobles occasioned daily broils by mutual arrogance and usurpation. The tale with the odd title, "Master Flea," is the strangest of a strange kind; some of it we must allow to be amusing, but it is too disjointed; and even in a fairy tale we look for the why and the wherefore: now "The Mantle," another fairy tale, is excellent in its kind, for we see a sufficient connexion between its actions and their consequences. But the one from which we are going to quote, "The Adventurers," is our favourite, and we only regret that our limits force us to compress, and thus to do scant justice to the humour running through the whole.

"It is not many years since Alberto, a singer by profession, although his voice went little beyond mediocrity, resolved to leave his native city Turin, and travel to Milan. He did not doubt to be much better received there than at home, where, indeed, he had never been particularly admired. Relying upon the maxim, that a prophet is nothing in his own country, he got every thing ready, and now he only wanted a companion, who might take upon himself two-thirds of the travelling expenses, and at the same time be a sort of servant to him. This very person he thought he had found in Xavier, his countryman, neighbour, and companion from childhood upwards. Xavier was a joiner, somewhat slow in understanding, but stout, kind-hearted, brave, and true. The greatest of his follies was his having taken such a prodigious fancy to Alberto, that he could not bear to be away from him, and, therefore, dedicated all his leisure hours to his society. His simplicity had always served as a butt for the would-be witticisms of his friend: that he bore willingly. As a boy, Alberto had often drubbed him: that also he bore patiently, comforting himself in his mind with his being in reality the stouter. When any one reproached him with his passiveness, he would cite as his authority the example of the mastiff Caesar, who suffered the little Dido to bite his ears every day without being angry. Then on a Sunday he would wash his hands with almond-paste, put on his best clothes,—they must not be blue though, to avoid all likeness to the joiner's costume,—and thus he would visit Alberto,

and think himself highly fortunate if that elegant gentleman walked out with him, and allowed himself to be entertained at his expense."

Seduced by the flattering hopes of Alberto, whose great ambition is to appear at the grand Opera House in Milan, Xavier and he set out for that city.

"Alberto, like all mediocre virtuosi, carried the vanity of a citizen into the world of fancy, and preferred playing a stupid Holofernes in Judith to any part of low, but real humour. By perpetually running about from one great family to another, flattering their vanity, and enduring their caprices, he at length brought it so far, that he got permission to make a trial,—and it was high time; for neither he nor Xavier had a single farthing left, and the host had for some days past been threatening to turn them out of doors. The evening came after a day of toil to poor Xavier, who had been running about ever since the morning to provide the necessaries for his friend—not to speak of the preceding night, when he had gone to bed with tearful eyes, beseeching the holy Virgin to let all go well with Alberto, and to send him abundance of applause. In his simplicity, he never once recollected, that, according to Catholic ideas, the holy Virgin was not in the habit of meddling with theatrical matters; he only knew that Mary was good and powerful, and that was enough for him. Alberto was now equipped with a mighty helmet of gold paper, a prodigious beard, a formidable sword at his side, and innumerable spangles on his cuirass, like stars in a winter's sky. Xavier had scarcely boldness enough to embrace his Hebrew Excellence and wish him luck as he set out for the theatre, whether he himself followed at the proper time, but with a beating heart."

Xavier, from a blunder, enters a gaming house, where, by mere good fortune, he wins five thousand carolini. In the meantime Alberto is hissed off the stage. He "rushed out of the theatre in the greatest despair. For the first few moments he resolved that he would not outlive such a disgrace, and, wrapped up in a black mantle, under which he still wore his romantic dress, he resolved to drown himself; but as no water was at hand, his first heat was somewhat cooled before it came to that, and he now found it more convenient to use Xavier's travelling pistols. It was in this mood he reached the inn, which he scarcely dared to enter; he knew that the patience of his host must be exhausted after this unlucky trial, and that the probabilities were he would kick him out of doors. His spirit was now at its lowest ebb; he feared he should die of hunger, the only hope of preventing which, seemed to be in Xavier's supporting both by the labour of his hands. Upon entering his room he found it desolate and abandoned.—'Ah,' thought he, 'the host has already seized upon our little property. Where are you, my brother Xavier?—my friend in life and death?'—His meditations, however, were stopped by the appearance of the host, who told him Xavier had taken off every thing, paid for all, and gone to the Albergo della Città. Alberto would not believe his own ears, and, even after the host had repeatedly assured him of it, he left the house in great doubt, or rather with the certainty that it was all mockery, and that Xavier, turned out of the house, was running distracted about the streets in search of him. Still he went, for he had no alternative.

With tottering steps and trembling voice he approached the daishing servant, who stood at the door of the splendid hotel, in a fine white apron, tucked up on one side, and silk stockings. No sooner had the man heard his name, than he said, 'Quite right, sir; be pleased to follow me.'—With these words he caught up a silver candlestick, and lighted Alberto up stairs into a magnificent chamber, where he found Xavier, lying at full length on a sofa in his boots. No sooner did the latter see his friend than he ran up to him with open arms. He had heard of Alberto's ill success, and hoped to console him by the relation of his own good fortune:—'Forget all cabals,' he cried, 'and let the theatre go to the devil; you are now no longer in need of it.'—But, instead of this success comforting Alberto, it only vexed him still more.—'Do you believe,' he said, with a scornful look, 'do you believe that I worshipped the Muses only for the sake of eating and drinking?'—'Well, then,' replied Xavier, 'you may worship them for amusement as much as you please. Take heart, brother: here comes the supper; the wine is already on the sideboard, and the musicians only wait for the signal to begin the music while we enjoy ourselves.'—'Quite right!' exclaimed Alberto bitterly; 'they who can neither write nor read should have all those things! It is quite in rule that I should receive alms from you.'—

With this, he began a song in derision of stupidity, which always attains to posts of honour. Xavier, however, quietly submitted to his friend's noble anger, seated himself at the table with infinite resignation, and revenged himself only upon the meats. When Alberto found how little effect his anger produced, he also seated himself opposite to Xavier, and, notwithstanding his vexation, condescended to enjoy the supper.—In the Lethe of wine he drowned his cares, but the musicians were obliged to desist, for he could not tolerate music, since the hissing in the pit had mingled with the tones of the orchestra, and put him out in his singing. Hitherto Alberto had only despised Xavier; now he began to hate him, and only thought how he could best help him to dissipate his property. But, simple as Xavier was in other things, he yet understood very well that it would be mere madness to attack the capital when he might live comfortably upon the interest. He continued his acquaintance with the old officer, who assisted him in putting it out on good security. The interest he kindly divided with his friend—so called—and in all else conducted himself towards him as before. When the latter, therefore, proposed leaving Milan, he made no objection, for he could easily imagine that Alberto did not wish to serve any longer as a mockery to the loungers of that city."

At Florence, Alberto's presumption leads him into a ridiculous love adventure, and soon after Xavier also loses his heart.

"Latterly, when his friends visited him they found him thoughtful and abstracted; he paid no attention to their jokes, his extraordinary laugh had lost much of its heartiness; nay, he was sometimes even heard to sigh. Alberto took all imaginable pains to find out the meaning of this change, and it was not long before Xavier one evening unbosomed himself to his friend.—'No one,' he said, 'knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it; and I have often wondered, Alberto, how you could fall in love; now I begin to comprehend the possibility of it, for I myself have lately begun to experience something of the sort.'—Alberto was all ear. Xavier

continued.—'You have imagined that I could never be beloved, but it is very possible that you may have reckoned without your host, for to speak candidly, I have fallen desperately in love.'—'With whom, brother?' exclaimed Alberto.—'I know as little of her as you do of your incognita. All that I can tell you is, she is a lady of virtue and honour, although she sits at her window the whole day long, from morning till evening. The only thing I cannot bear in her is the daily change of her head-dress, which no doubt might be attributed to vanity; but in other respects she is so quiet and thoughtful, that I cannot believe it of her. Other women are running backwards and forwards from their windows, like fools, to jeer at the passers-by, while she never looks out, but only straight before her. Probably she is occupied with some sort of work, and this it is which gives me courage to gaze at her. Oh, you have never seen such blue eyes, such cherry lips, such a lovely bosom!'—'Is she then handsomer than my church incognita?' asked Alberto.—'That I cannot precisely say,' replied Xavier, 'for I never fairly looked at your incognita; but this girl I have seen, and do see, every day; her features are deeply engraved upon my heart, and, if she prove as handsome in mind as she is in body, I am resolved to marry her as soon as possible, provided she have no objection.'—Upon Alberto's questioning Xavier more closely, he drew from him that the fair one lived at a milliner's in the next street, and he comforted him with the assurance that such people were seldom very cruel. But love, which always doubts, overpowered Xavier, so that he could not rest without hearing the confession from her own lips. The next morning, therefore, they both passed by the house. Alberto looked very attentively at all the windows, but could discover nothing but a handsome milliner's block, painted white and red, and wearing a new head-dress to entice customers. He turned round to Xavier, and was about to complain of their having taken their walk to no purpose, when the latter heaved a deep sigh from the very bottom of his breast, exclaiming, 'There, she has again got on a new cap!—always changing her head-dress!—always sitting at the window! It does, indeed, please me in a certain measure, as it constantly gives me an opportunity of seeing her; but, after all, it is being somewhat too vain.'—Alberto opened his eyes to double their usual size, and stared at Xavier as he asked, 'Is it she, brother, who sits yonder in the window?—Is it she, with whom you are so desperately in love?'—'And does she not deserve it?' said Xavier.—'Yes, undoubtedly,' replied the knavish Alberto, who had formed his plan on the instant."

The malicious Alberto contrives an elopement.

"It was now arranged, that in a few days the elopement should take place to Fiesole, the old town on the mountains near Florence, where they might be privately married. Alberto took charge of all. The carriage came at the appointed time: the fair one was already in her place; Xavier got in; Alberto pressed him again to his breast, tore himself away amidst a flood of tears, and bade the coachman drive on. For a time, Xavier scarcely dared to speak. At last he opened his lips with a timid question, but received no answer.—'Perhaps she sleeps,' thought he to himself.—'Should this decisive step trouble her! I must not be importunate. Doubtless she is bashful from being alone with me in a carriage so early in the morning twilight.

But the daybreak will restore our courage to both of us, and with the evening she is mine.— This mode of thinking reconciled him to all, and, after having ventured one or two more fruitless questions, he seated himself opposite to his mistress, which position he occupied in silence till the sun rose, and shewed him that he had run away with— a puppet. . . . Without knowing where he was, or what he did, he ran up the mountain, between the old garden-walls, that had been built in the middle ages from the ruins of the old city, which the jealousy of the Florentines had destroyed; nor did he stop till he had reached its summit. Without any certain purpose, he went towards the cathedral, at the very time that Julia was taking the same direction. It seems that she lived in a house close by; one of the numerous gardens too upon the hill was also her property, and, just as she came out of the gate, she was met by Xavier, who, heated by the sun, his wrath, and his hurried ascent, felt himself tormented by an intolerable thirst. Without fairly looking her in the face, he greeted her with looks in which good humour and vexation were strangely mingled, and asked for some fruit from her garden to quench his thirst; upon this she invited him to come in. The old Catherine was despatched to fill a basket with fruit; and Xavier devoured the melons with an eagerness that surprised Julia, whose curiosity was now excited to learn the cause of his singular appearance. Little persuasion was requisite to bring Xavier to confession, for he was dying to lessen the burden of his grievances by imparting them to some one. 'Madonna,' he said, 'I verily believe there has not been a man since the age of Methusalem who has suffered such an injury as I have.' 'What then has happened?' she said. But Xavier's passion had by this time cooled, and with the subsiding of his passion his bashfulness returned. Hitherto he had not observed with whom he was speaking, and had only considered Julia as a medium through which to unburthen himself of his resentment. Now, however, that he had to relate his love adventure, he began to notice her more closely. Her beauty blazed upon him at once, and he blushed up to the ears, and was forced to collect himself before he could recover his fluency. This confusion, however, gave him a pleasing expression, while the heat and his anger had added unusual animation to his well-formed features; his large hazel eyes sparkled with unwonted fire, and his very bashfulness lent him a gentle character, which contrasted wonderfully with his manly form. . . . When Xavier had ended his story, Julia smiled, and said, 'You should not take this affair so much to heart, for the wise Alberto need not make you any reproaches; if he noticed your short-sightedness to run away with a doll, he himself has fallen in love with a living maiden who in good truth has made him plainly feel how profoundly she despised him.'—Xavier stared at this declaration, for in his fervour he had entirely forgotten to mention the episode of Alberto's fair one.—'How do you know that, madonna?' he exclaimed. 'From whom did you hear it?'—'Do you then not recognise me?' said the fair Julia, laughing. 'Well, it is evident you have no eyes for ladies, either real or artificial.'—'Is it possible?' cried Xavier.—'You, madonna, are that fair one?'—'I, and none but I.'—'And how then came you here?'—'My little property is here. At that time I was on a visit to my aunt.'—And where then are your

parents?'—'It is many years since they have rested in the grave,' replied Julia with a sigh.—'I too have neither father nor mother,' said Xavier, while the tears stood in his eyes. 'And do you live here alone?'—'I possess this house and these gardens, with no companion but my old Catherine. Sometimes I go to the city to my aunt, but the greater part of my time I spend here, never so happy as in my solitude.'—For the first time in his life, Xavier gazed at a woman boldly; his twenty thousand scudi gave him courage.—'Hark ye, madonna; are you resolved never to marry?'—'That is a very close question,' replied Julia, laughing. . . . Here Julia would have broken off the conversation, but Xavier held her back, and said, 'I have ventured for once, and if it do not take place now, it never will. You are beautiful,—that your face tells me: you are good,—that your beauty tells me. You yourself have said that you are an orphan; a strange accident has united us, and, if I do not strike while the iron is hot, all's lost. I came out to be married, and it rests with you whether I shall return as I set out; and be a laughing-stock for the abominable Alberto; or whether I shall triumph over him, and rout him entirely, not with a dagger, but with your presence.'—In this way Xavier continued to press the fair one, till he at last wrung from her a consent. The suddenness of her yielding did not all strike Xavier; and, that it may not surprise any one else, we must observe, that at the time when Julia had inquired into the circumstances of Alberto, she had also learnt all about Xavier and his simple honest character. . . . It may be easily supposed with what triumph Xavier carried back his bride with him to Florence. All his good friends were already collected at the city gate to receive him. Alberto himself opened the door, and cried out,—'Well, Xavier, my friend and companion in life and death, how have you prospered? Have you brought back your beautiful bride?'—'Yes,' replied Xavier coolly, 'there she sits.'—'What do I see?' exclaimed Alberto, confounded.—'Another ingenious trick of capricious Lady Fortune, Master Alberto,' said Julia, laughing: 'sometimes one plays below and is hissed, while another plays above, and gains twenty thousand scudi. Sometimes an honest soul is supposed to marry a wooden puppet, and the puppet suddenly changes to a living maiden, who has actually refused the gallant Alberto. Xavier is much indebted to you, sir; and though you have lived upon him, and made him your butt, what does that signify? To you alone he owes his property and his bride.'—

These Tales are very ably translated (we believe by Mr. Soane), and we hope to see many more, especially Hoffman's, from the same hand.

Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master. Fourteenth Edition; enlarged by the Author. London, 1826. 12mo. pp. 374. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

Few of the many volumes which, issuing from the press, seek, under the garb of fiction, to inculcate on the youthful mind the most important truths, have, we think, succeeded better than the admirable little work now before us. Of all principles, those of humanity cannot be too often or too early enforced: the child whose amusement is in torturing the insect or animal in his power, or who carelessly inflicts pain he might have spared, will, we doubt not, grow up a cruel or a selfish man: we well

know that, after a time, one half of crime is habit, and can such habits be too sedulously avoided? *Keeper's Travels* are excellent in their kind; the adventures of the faithful Dog are not only pleasing in themselves, but are made the vehicle of much useful information and much amusing anecdote. From the latter part we shall make one extract, leaving to our juvenile, and we may safely add many of our riper readers, the undiminished interest of the tale. In dwelling on the great advantage of soon implanting feelings of humanity, our author mentions two curious instances of imitation in children.

'Upon the sea-coasts, children are navigators and fishers; in the forests, they are cutters and fellers of wood; and, among hunters, they are hunters too! Once, from the sand-hills upon a part of the coast of North America, I saw, one sun-shiny morning, the tide ebbing away from a shoal of porpoises. A boy, of seven or eight years old, had discovered the porpoises also. Presently, the little rogue ran down into the water, and contriving, by getting hold of its tail, to add to the difficulties of one of the shoal, considerably larger than himself, which was already in danger of being left dry upon the shore, held it till the tide was still further gone. A moment after, he took a knife out of his pocket, and cut the throat of the porpoise; and in another moment he was standing upon its back, and cutting away flakes of its blubber! Then going up into the country, in the front of a log hut, surrounded first by some small fields of maize, interspersed with the gray and blackened trunks of lofty pine, and oak, and beech-trees, barked and burnt, to make room for cultivation; and beyond these, on every side, the straight stems and uniform mixture of foliage of the uniform forest, where

'Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Save the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree:'

unless, indeed, the sound of the axe—there, by the way-side, amid the scenery which I have portrayed, and in front of a log house (for they acknowledge no cottages in America, whatever the song may say!) have I seen the trunk of a large tree, designed to be cut up gradually for the domestic fuel, and a little boy, with a little axe, making it his daily play to cut at the log! Go further still, and mix with the Indians, and there you find the little Indian boys, with little bows and arrows, making such incessant havoc with the little birds, that the little insects live free to torment the country: those insects, by the way, for whom Cowper would make the globe one entire sanctuary, except, indeed, within our chambers and refectories! In Hindostan, and among the Malays, the boys do the same thing and the same mischief as the American Indian boys, with the little arrows which these latter blow through reeds.' 'Very good, doctor; and a timely help to my story! And, to speak only of juvenile imitations, and to give a glance at my own trade, I remember an anecdote of a little Scotch boy who, when some years since a French invasion was the alarm, and when, because there were volunteers and yeomanry, the little boys in Great Britain (feeling as little boys feel upon sea-coasts, and in forests, and in America, and in Hindostan, and in Malaya), must needs have red coats, and swords, and fifes, and bugles, like their papas; the little Scotch boy said to his grandfather, an aged Scotch baronet, 'And when the French army comes, grandfather, will you pucker me out a little Frenchman, that I may kill un?'—'Why, Wully,' said the baronet, 'surely you

would not do such a thing as kill a little Frenchman?"—"And why not?" returned the judicious young Scotch soldier; "an' I du na' kill him, wu' na' he kill me?"

"Fable of a Guêbre Prophet."

"Carried by an angel, says the fable, to a spot whence he beheld the place of torment of the wicked, and informed by the angel of the various reasons for the various conditions in which he saw the several sufferers, his attention was at length particularly caught by the situation of a man whose whole naked body was surrounded by raging flames, with the single exception of his left foot! 'And what,' said the prophet to the angel; 'what, my lord, is the cause of that particular exception?'—'The man whom thou beholdest,' returned the angel, 'was, in his lifetime, a wicked king. His oppression of his subjects was grievous, and thou seest how he suffereth for his guilt! But, one day, that miserable tyrant (tyrant though he was) walked near to a sheep-cote, where it chanced that he saw a lamb tethered to a stake, and was hungering after the remainder of a parcel of hay which had been placed near it, but of which it had already consumed all that was within its reach. The wicked prince feeling, upon that occasion, one emotion of pity, stretched out his left foot, and pushed the hay within reach of the lamb! Thou perceivest, then, O prophet! how surely thy God remembereth every deed of mercy among all the sons of men; how he loveth all his creatures; and how he beareth in mind every act of love which is performed for them! A single act of mercy, bestowed upon a hungry lamb, has saved from the flames of hell the left foot even of a wicked tyrant!"

We shall now conclude our notice of this work by most cordially recommending it to our readers: it is a book to be placed in the hands of every young person, and to be read with no small profit by many of their elders.

Captain Maitland's Narrative, &c.

[Second notice. Conclusion.]

As promised in our last Number, we now resume, for the sake of finishing our analysis of this important narrative.

"After the ship's arrival in England, Buonaparte seldom left the cabin earlier than five o'clock in the afternoon; passing his time in walking up and down the after-cabin, reading a great deal, and often falling asleep on the sofa, having within these two or three years become very lethargic."

When officially informed that he was to be sent to St. Helena, (a destination which had at first given rise to very angry remonstrances on the part of his suite, and to a declaration from himself that he would never go—construed into a menace of suicide),* Capt. M. observes—

* When Mad. Bertrand was rescued from her exhibition of throwing herself into the sea, the relation is very curious. Placed on her bed, "she was lying in strong hysterics, at intervals abusing the English nation and its government, in the most vehement and unmeasured terms; sometimes in French and sometimes in English. Lallemand was walking up and down the wardroom much agitated, joining in the abuse; saying, among other things, 'that it was horrible to bring a set of people on board the ship for the purpose of butchering them.' I turned to him, and said, 'Monsieur Lallemand, what a woman says in the state of violent irritation that Madame Bertrand at present is, I consider of little consequence, and am willing to make every allowance for the situation you are placed in; but I cannot stand by and hear such terms used of the government of my country; and if you do not desist, or make use of more respectful language, I shall be under the necessity of taking measures that will be very unpleasant both to you and myself.' This had the effect of allaying him. When the bustle had subsided, I retired to my cabin, and was employed in writing the foregoing letter

"His mind had, by this time, been so much prepared by the newspapers for that event, that he did not shew any very strong emotion at receiving the intimation; though he complained, in strong terms, of the injustice of such a measure. As, however, the admiral's barge was seen approaching, and I was obliged to go upon deck to receive him, I had very little conversation with him at that time.

"As soon as the admiral had left the ship, Buonaparte sent for me, and shewed me the same paper Lord Keith had communicated to me in the morning. When I had read it, he complained vehemently of his treatment in being sent to St. Helena, saying, 'The idea of it is perfect horror to me. To be placed for life on an island within the Tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing that I hold dear in it!—*c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan*—(it is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage.) I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults,' said he,—'but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration,—they style me general! they can have no right to call me general; they may as well call me archbishop, for I was head of the church, as well as the army. If they do not acknowledge me as emperor, they ought as first consul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such, and your king, in his letters, styled me brother. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England, (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people,) I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the Tropics! They might as well have signed my death-warrant at once, as it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate.' He then expressed a desire to write another letter to the prince regent, and I carried it the same afternoon to Lord Keith, by whom it was immediately forwarded to London.

"I felt convinced that Buonaparte, after the notification he had received, would be too much depressed in spirits to make his appearance on deck this day, and sent a boat to some of my friends, who were waiting in hopes of seeing him, to say there was no chance of his coming out, as he was much distressed at the communication which had been made to him. I was, therefore, a good deal surprised, on turning round, to find him standing at my elbow; and I can only account for his shewing himself as usual, by supposing either that he was not in fact so much annoyed as I had believed him to be, or that he was actuated by a desire of

to Lord Melville, in behalf of Messrs. Savary and Lallemand, when the latter, attended by Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, came in. They immediately entered into conversation with me about the cruelty of their situation. Among many other things, they said, 'You may depend upon it, the emperor never will go to St. Helena; he will sooner put himself to death; he is a man of determined character, and what he says he will do.' 'Has he ever said he will put himself to death?' I asked. They answered, 'No; but he has said he will not go, which amounts to the same thing; and were he to consent himself, here are three of us who are determined to prevent him.' I told them they had better consider the consequences well, before they ventured on a measure of that kind.

"The next day, August 1st, 1815, I waited on Lord Keith, and reported all that had occurred during the preceding day. I also shewed him the letter I had written and meant to send to Lord Melville, respecting Generals Savary and Lallemand. He read it, and said, 'that though he did not agree with me in opinion as to my honour or character being implicated, yet that he saw no harm in the letter.' He then said, 'You may tell those gentlemen who have threatened to be Buonaparte's executioners, that the law of English awards death to murderers, and that the certain consequence of such an act will be finishing their career on a gallows.'"

creating a feeling of commiseration among the English people on his behalf. At dinner he conversed as usual, and, indeed, it was quite astonishing with what elasticity his spirits regained their usual cheerfulness, after such trials and disappointments. He never, in my hearing, threatened to commit suicide, nor do I believe he did on any occasion; the only expression I ever heard him make use of, that could in any way be construed into such a threat, was, that he would not go to St. Helena, '*Je n'irai pas à St. Hélène.*'"

The *habeas corpus* farce is an amusing part of this romance of real life. The lawyer sent down to *subpena* Buonaparte to attend as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, seems to have chased Lord Keith, Captain Maitland, and several men of war, in a most gallant manner; making those run from his cockpit who had never run before, though enemy's fleets were in their view. The following is of a more important character, and decides a question which has been much discussed:—

"On the morning of the 6th of August, (says Capt. M.) when walking the deck with Monsieur Las Cases, he for the first time mentioned that he understood me to have assured him that the emperor would be well received in England, and allowed to reside there. I replied, 'I cannot conceive how you could so far misunderstand me, as I constantly, in my communications with you, stated that I could make no promises whatever; that I thought my orders would bear me out in receiving him on board, and conveying him to England; but even in doing that, I acted very much upon my own responsibility. You questioned me frequently as to my private opinion, and as I was quite ignorant upon the subject, I could only say I had no reason to believe he would be ill received.' It did not, however, require my assistance to raise the hopes of those about Buonaparte, respecting the manner in which he was to be received in England, as one of his followers, on the passage home, asked me if I thought the prince regent would confer the order of the garter upon him. If there was any misunderstanding, (which I cannot allow to have been the case), Monsieur Las Cases has himself to blame. When he came on board of the Bellerophon for the purpose of treating, he concealed his knowledge of the English language, which, as I had considerable difficulty in expressing myself in French, could only be intended for the purpose of throwing me off my guard, that he might take advantage of any expressions that fell from me, or the officers I had always present at our meetings. Even after he was on board with Buonaparte, though he acknowledged he could read English, and always translated the newspapers for his master, he affected not to be able to speak it. What his actual knowledge of the language was, the following extract of a letter, from a friend of mine on board the Northumberland, dated at sea, August the 22d, 1815, will shew:—'I do not know whether Las Cases ever let you know he could speak English; but this I can assure you, that he speaks it very near as well as Madame Bertrand, and can hold a conversation, or maintain an argument in it, with as much fluency as she can.'

"This forenoon I had a long conversation with Buonaparte. He complained bitterly of the conduct of the British government, and entered, at considerable length, into the state of his affairs when he determined upon the measure of repairing on board the Bellerophon. 'There still,' said he, 'was a large party in the south, that wished me to put myself at its

head; the army behind the Loire was also desirous of my return. At ten o'clock of the night before I embarked, a deputation from the garrison of Rochelle waited upon me, with an offer to conduct me to the army; in addition to which, the troops that were in Rochefort, Bourdeaux, and Isle d'Aix, amounting to twelve thousand men, were at my disposal. But I saw there was no prospect of ultimate success, though I might have occasioned a great deal of trouble and bloodshed, which I did not choose should take place on my account individually: while the empire was at stake, it was another matter.

"In the afternoon, Mr. O'Meara, the surgeon, informed me that General Savary had made a proposal to him to accompany Buonaparte to St. Helena as his medical attendant; Monsieur Maingant, his surgeon, being a young man with whom he was little acquainted, and had suffered so much from sea-sickness in the passage from Rochefort, that he felt averse to undertaking another sea voyage. He consulted me as to the propriety of accepting the offer. I told him it must depend very much upon his own feelings; but if he had no dislike to it, he had better accept the proposal, on condition that our government consented and agreed to pay him salary; but in that case an official communication must pass, through me, to the admiral on the subject. This was the first intimation I received of Buonaparte having made any arrangement towards complying with the notification he had received from our government."

We now hasten to the conclusion. When leaving the Bellerophon for the Northumberland, the author, speaking of Napoleon, says—

"He walked out of the cabin with a steady, firm step, came up to me, and taking off his hat, said, 'Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of once more returning you my thanks for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the Bellerophon; and also to request you will convey them to the officers and ship's company you command.' Then turning to the officers, who were standing by me, he added, 'Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude to you for your attention to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes.' He then went forward to the gangway, and before he went down the ship's side, bowed two or three times to the ship's company, who were collected in the waist and on the fore-castle. He was followed by the ladies and the French officers, and lastly by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off, and got the distance of about thirty yards from the ship, he stood up, pulled his hat off, and bowed first to the officers, and then to the men; and immediately sat down, and entered into conversation with Lord Keith, with as much apparent composure as if he had been only going from one ship to the other to pay a visit.

"Napoleon Buonaparte, when he came on board the Bellerophon, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high; his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's, rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light gray, teeth good, and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing;

when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable; he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured, in every way, to promote good humour. He even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation. This appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could shew himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good humour with himself, after which it was not a very difficult matter to transfer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it. Lord Keith appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me after he had seen him. Speaking of his wish for an interview with the prince regent, 'D—n the fellow,' he said, 'if he had obtained an interview with his royal highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England.' He appeared to have great command of temper; for though no man could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained on board the Bellerophon, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or captious expression to escape him: even the day he received the notification from Sir Henry Bunbury, that it was determined to send him to St. Helena, he chatted and conversed with the same cheerfulness as usual. It has been asserted that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship; but still, even allowing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have enabled him to have sustained such a part for so many days in his situation.

"During the time that Buonaparte was on board the Bellerophon, we always lived expressly for his accommodation—entirely in the French manner; that is to say, a hot meal was served at ten o'clock in the morning, and another at six in the evening; and so nearly did they resemble each other in all respects, that a stranger might have found difficulty, in coming into the cabin, to distinguish breakfast from dinner. His *maître d'hôtel* took the joints off the table, cut them up in portions, and then handed them round. Buonaparte ate a great deal, and generally of strong solid food. In drinking he was extremely abstemious, confining himself almost entirely to claret, and seldom taking more than half-a-pint

at a meal. Immediately after dinner strong coffee was handed round, and then some cordial; after which he rose from table, the whole meal seldom lasting more than twenty or twenty-five minutes: and I was told, that during the times he was at the head of the French government, he never allowed more than fifteen minutes for that purpose. * *

"One morning he began to talk of his wife and child, and desired Marchand to bring two or three miniature pictures to shew me: he spoke of them with much feeling and affection. 'I feel,' said he, 'the conduct of the allied sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect than in any other. Why should they deprive me of the comforts of domestic society, and take from me what must be the dearest objects of affection to every man—my child, and the mother of that child?' On his expressing himself as above, I looked him steadily in the face, to observe whether he shewed any emotion; the tears were standing in his eyes, and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of grief.

"It did not appear from the statement of Buonaparte's attendants, that he had made any very considerable provision for the future, in the event of a reverse of fortune. They often regretted his poverty; and Madame Bertrand assured me that he was not possessed of more than a million of francs—forty-two thousand pounds of our money; which, if correct, is certainly not a very large sum for a man who had had so many millions at his disposal. 'The emperor has always declared,' she said, 'that he would rise or fall with the country, and never would enrich himself out of the public property.' He also upon one occasion, when there was some intention of leaving Madame Bertrand with her children in England, after stating Bertrand's poverty as an objection to that arrangement, said to me, 'My finances are not such as to enable me to give him much assistance.'

"Buonaparte's carriage, which was taken at the battle of Waterloo by the Prussian cavalry, contained many articles of great value. It was a *nécessaire*, in which all the instruments, basin, &c. were composed of gold; a sword set with diamonds, and a diamond necklace, estimated at a very large sum of money, which one of his sisters (I think, the Princess of Borghese) put round his neck the night he took leave of her at Paris, on his setting out to join the army previous to the battle of Waterloo, and which he had taken off and deposited in a secret place in the carriage; Marchand, his *valet de chambre*, being so nearly taken by the Prussian hussars, that he quitted the carriage without having time to secure it. But I have since learned from Las Cases's *Memoirs*, that the necklace alluded to was saved, and that Las Cases had it concealed about his person all the time he was on board the Bellerophon."

Our last extract is one of novelty to us, and with it we finish our notice of this highly interesting volume.

"I never heard Buonaparte speak of the battle of Waterloo, or give an opinion of the Duke of Wellington; but I asked General Bertrand what Napoleon thought of him. 'Why,' replied he, 'I will give you his opinion nearly in the words he delivered it to me. 'The Duke of Wellington in the management of an army is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence.'"

Reynolds's Memoirs, &c.

[Conclusion.]

LEAVING much of amusement and anecdote unnoticed, we must now take our leave of these very agreeable volumes; pursuing, as in our last *Gazette*, the plan of selecting the shortest rather than the best (if longer) specimens of the author's style, manner, and substance. We have already recorded some characteristic traits of that admirable tragedian J. Kemble: the following are equally to the point, and will readily be recognised by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance:—

"After the ninth night of *Better Late than Never*, Andrews gave a supper, and invited to his house, not only Kemble, Dodd, Palmer, Baddely, and other actors who played in the comedy, but King, Parsons, and many more distinguished performers. The Duke of Leeds, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerstone, and many other eminent personages were present; yet, notwithstanding all this apparent promise, the party, like the play, went off rather heavily. To me, one of the most amusing persons present was John Kemble. This great actor, with all his good sense and good taste, was, like Gay,

* In simplicity a child."

Certainly no man was further from proving a dull, commonplace *unendurable* than Kemble; as probably the two following short anecdotes will evince. Whilst Parsons told a rich comic story, at which all laughed, Kemble preserved a fixed, grave, classical countenance: but when Dodd afterwards sang a pathetic ballad, which excited general interest, Kemble, in the middle of it, burst into an odd fit of laughter, and in a tone tremulous from excessive gaiety, said—'I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I have just taken Parsons's joke—ha, ha!—and it is really very good!' This whimsical trait of character was so irresistible, that we all joined in his merriment almost as heartily as himself. When afterwards he was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song, he was again equally naïf and entertaining. 'Gentlemen,' he exclaimed, rising, 'I will most cheerfully give you the song of the gods and goddesses, reparing to the hunting of the hare; but if I produce any humorous effect in it, as I trust I shall, you will please to ascribe the whole merit to the hints I have received from one of the best comic singers of the day—I beg leave to state that I allude to Mrs. Siddons.'"

A good story is also told of Sheridan, which we do not remember to have seen in any of the many accounts of that gentleman's *Scapinades*.

"I was walking," Mr. Reynolds tells us, "one day, with Tom King, in Pall Mall, when we met the celebrated clown Grimaldi, father of the present Joe Grimaldi. Approaching us with a face of the most ludicrous astonishment and delight, he exclaimed, 'O vat a *clevere* fellow dat Sheridan is!—shall I tell you?—Qui—Yes I vill—*Bien donc*—I could no never see him at de theatre, so *je vais chez lui*—to his house in Hertford-street, muffled in great coat, and I say, 'Domestique!—you hear?'—'Yes.'—'Vell, den, tell your master dat M. — de Mayor of Stafford be below.' Domestique fly—and on de instant I be shewn into de drawing-room. In von more minute, Sheridan leave his dinner party, enter de room hastily, stop suddenly, stare, and say, 'How dare you, Grim, play me such a trick?' Then

"* That John Kemble spoke as he thought, I have no doubt; and it must be recollected, that in her early days, Mrs. Siddons has frequently sung in *Rosindell*, in *Nell*, in *the Devil to Pay*, and in other comic characters."

putting himself into a passion, he go on—'Go, sare! get out of my house.' 'Begar,' say I, placing my back against the door, 'not till you pay me my forty pounds;' and then I point to de pen, ink, and paper, on von small tables in de corner, and say—'Dere! write me the check, and de mayor shall go *vilement*—*entendez vous?* If not, *morbleu*, I vill—' 'Oh!' interrupted dis *clevere* man, 'if I must, Grim, I must,'—and as if he were *irès pressé*—very hurry—he write de draft, and pushing it into my hand, he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Vell den, I do make haste to de banker's, and giving it to de clerks, I say, 'Four tens, if you please, sare.'—'Four tens!' he say with much surprise; 'de draft be only for four pounds!' O! vat a *clevere* fellow dat Sheridan is! But I say, 'If you please, sare, *donnez moi donc*, those four pounds.' And den he say, 'Call again to-morrow!' Next day I meet de manager in de street, and I say, 'Mistare Sheridan, have you forget?' and den he laugh, and say, 'Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left out the O!'—O vat a *clevere* fellow dat Sheridan is! Some months afterwards, again meeting Grimaldi, I inquired of him whether he had at last been paid. He replied in the affirmative, but with a look and tone of voice so altered, that it seemed to say, he was better pleased with Sheridan's *humour* than Sheridan's *money*."

Speaking of Foote, whom he never saw but once when he acted Major Sturgeon in the *Mayor of Garratt*, our author adds—

"The first time that ever George the Second attended the Haymarket, this farce commenced the evening's performances. When his Majesty arrived at the theatre, Foote, as manager, hobbled to the stage door to receive him; but, as he played in the first piece, instead of wearing the court dress, usual on these occasions, he was equipped in the immense cocked hat, cumbersome boots, and all the other paraphernalia and appurtenances of the most grotesque military uniform imaginable. The moment his Majesty cast his eyes on this extraordinary figure, as he stood bowing, stumping, and wriggling with his wooden leg, George the Second recoiled with astonishment, thus addressing his officers:—'Look! vat is dat man, and to vat regiment does he belong?'"

But there is as much humour in Mr. Reynolds's dramatic history of his own marriage, as in any other portion of his work; and as every body must feel a warm interest in the fortunes of such a companion, we will indulge in the extract which describes this important event. The lady's name was Mansell, of a good family in Wells, and inspired with a strong passion for the stage. The author says—

"Her naïve manner and uncommon ingenuousness, gained her the good-will of all who surrounded her; and for my own part, the very first time I saw her, I had a sort of presentiment that 'my time was come.' At the period to which I now allude, it did really come: and the *ides* of March were selected for the consummation of this grand event. My brother Richard having also, at this period, manifested matrimonial tendencies, our old Temple chamber establishment—where he, and I, and old Nurse Morgan, had, during fifteen years, domesticated together so cordially and comfortably—was now about to be abandoned and exchanged for new partners, new habitations, and new scenes. As the awful period approached, the old proverb of 'Look before you leap,' constantly obtruded itself on both my brother and me, and filled us with a thousand idle dreams, and vague anticipations of misfor-

tune. On the day that he and I went together to Doctors' Commons for our two licenses, the proctor's clerk—mistaking me for some other client—to my question whether every thing was arranged, pertly replied, 'Call again at the end of the long vacation, and then you will be sure of your divorce.' 'A divorce!' I exclaimed. 'Certainly,' he continued, 'by that time we shall have plenty of evidence to prove your wife's indiscretions!' 'The d—l you will!' I rejoined in much astonishment at this awful communication, and was proceeding, when the proctor arriving, terminated an equivoque that ought to have made us laugh; but which, in fact, only excited fresh doubts and fears, relative to the plunge we were about to make; for Dick was a believer in presages, and thought with Cicero,—'*Multa oraculis declarantur, multa vaticinationibus, multa somniis, multa portentis*.' However the die had been thrown, and it was too late for retreat."

"Richard's wedding being appointed to take place on the Friday, and mine not till Saturday, on my return to chambers on the Thursday evening, I was much surprised at receiving the following message from him, through old nurse—'Your brother desires me to say, that if you will put off your marriage, he will put off his.' Sudden and abrupt conclusion: however, that this was a mere temporary panic is evident, as he was united to this very agreeable widow on the following morning at St. Pancras; and after the ceremony, having started for his wife's seat in the North, he wrote me a short note, in which he concluded asserting 'that he was one of the happiest fellows living.' So was not I; my brother had passed his trial, but mine was yet to be endured. Still, however, Love's wings kept me buoyant, and having arranged with our faithful domestic, that she should end her 'chair days' by my fireside, I lay down somewhat more composed, and slept soundly till eight o'clock the following morning; when I was awakened by the sudden opening of my bed-room door, and the loud, deep tone of my future brother-in-law Mr. Mansell, exclaiming, 'Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!'"

* *Obstupui, steterantque comas, et vos fuscibus hævisti*."

When, observing my alarm and astonishment, and making due allowances for the importance of the cause, my disturber softened his voice, and whispered,

'Virgin, awake! thy marriage hour is nigh.'

The ceremony being concluded, we repaired to our new habitation, not in an equipage displaying those tantalising disturbers to the peace of spinsters—those broad divulgers of family secrets—bold, *whitè favours*!—no—we returned in private; and on our arrival, found our female Major Domo (old nurse) had prepared every thing for our reception, even dinner; but, unluckily, when put on the table, the meat not being sufficiently roasted, we were obliged (most awfully ominous!) to commence with—a *broil*. Whether this *dish* was repeated during the *honeymoon*, matrimonial etiquette forbids me to mention—so down drops the curtain; but with what share of applause, I leave others to determine."

As family affairs are generally interesting to bystanders and lookers on, we shall go forward some months, with regard to time, for our next quotation.

"Amusing trifles in dramatic life were succeeded by a grand serious event in *real life*, which compelled me to appear in a new and most formidable character—that of a *father*. A well-known barrister, the late Miles Walker Hall, used to say that the filing a *bill in Chan-*

cery, was the firing a cannon which would be heard over half the kingdom. So it may be said of the birth of that little bill in Chancery, a baby; the clamour which accompanies his entry into court, renders the harshest sounds of artillery, or any other harsher sound, comparatively harmonious. Then, the fees of office. Then, the arbitrary jurisdiction of the Vice Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls (the accoucheur and the month nurse); then, the degradation of the husband, who, though before at least a Master in Chancery, is now scarcely one of the sixty clerks. Then, no long vacation; on the contrary, business the whole year round, and the court opening every day with the commencement of the morning, and the contest continuing till the conclusion of the evening. Then the expense of the defendant (the father) annually increasing so long as the plaintiff (the baby) and his suit last, which they possibly may for a century. And yet it may be asked, what is matrimony unless this necessary equitable transaction be effected? Why, strange as the answer may seem, the wife, feeling the joys of the fire-side incomplete, the husband prefers, as the less evil, with all its cares, confusion, and expense, the arrival of this darling of the mother, this hope and pride of grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, this *riotous little heir-at-law*, to a continuity of monotonous dissatisfaction still life."

The nature of some of the amusing dramatic trifles above alluded to, may be gathered from the subjoined passages:—

"*Folly as it Flies* brought good houses till the twenty-eighth night, when it was acted to the lowest receipt probably ever seen in Covent Garden Theatre—fourteen pounds, six shillings, and sixpence! Whose fault was this? The *peace* again, as Morton said; for it was the night of the grand illumination on account of the termination of the war with Buonaparte."

"The expenses of Covent Garden Theatre during these seasons, may be stated to have averaged three hundred pounds per night for two hundred nights; an immense sum, to which an equivalent income was only to be produced by a bold, active, liberal, and skilful system of management. Whether the management of this period was or was not of this nature will, I imagine, be most satisfactorily deduced from a statement of its results; if it failed, fault may be attached to it; but if it succeeded, an opposite opinion ought in justice to be inferred: without further preface, then, its receipts, during those years, amounted to little short of one MILLION pounds sterling; thus averaging above *eighty thousand pounds* each season! The largest annual receipt ever taken at this, or no doubt, at any other theatre, was in the season of 1810-11; when one hundred thousand pounds were received at the doors. It is a curious fact, and somewhat indicative of the anomalous nature of the public taste, that the whole of the additional sum over the usual annual receipts, was entirely produced by the introduction of cavalry on the stage; an exhibition now so much and so violently censured. The first forty-one nights of *Blue Beard*, revived with the horses, produced above *twenty-one thousand pounds*."

Towards the close of the second volume we observe a rather unkind cut at Mr. Charles Kemble, which will be obvious to all who are acquainted with theatrical matters—(see page 416). For our parts, we will rather finish our task by referring to what bears no indications of personal animosity. Mr. H. Harris, when a young man on his first journey into France,

writing some pleasant letters to Mr. Reynolds, says—

"You are aware of French excellence in every thing that relates to '*la danse*.' What we see by retail in London, we have here by wholesale. There are often scores of dancers in a scene, the *worst* of whom we should call a *first rate*. Vestris is still the '*dieu de la danse*.' He has, however, a young and powerful rival in Duport, of whom the Parisians make the *calembourg*, '*Vestris a fait naufrage en approchant du Port*.'"

The annexed is also pleasantly told in the author's own sportive way:—

"Submitting, at this period, to the fiat of that great engine the press, and feeling that I had exhausted myself as a writer of comedies, (though others, like my friend Const, might have said, '*Exhausted! with what?*') I tacked about, and seeking for other and more novel matter, adopted the melo-dramatic opera. I chose for my plot Madame Cottin's beautiful story of *Elizabeth*; and during the summer, which was again passed at Swansea, with my wife's uncle Colonel Landeg, I lost no time in completing my task. Though the colonel was a man of very few words, yet those few words were usually quaint and amusing, as the following brief anecdote will exemplify. One day after dinner, talking of the hardship of a curate's life, 'There is a rich rector in Worcestershire,' said one of the colonel's guests, 'whose name I cannot recollect, but who has not preached for the last twelve months, as he every Sunday requests one of the neighbouring clergy to officiate for him.' 'Oh!' replied the colonel, 'though you cannot recollect his name, I can—it is England—England expects every man to do his duty.'—Colonel Landeg, in consequence of his declining state of health, was prescribed by his physician, Doctor Elliot, to repair to Bath, and drink the waters of that city. Thither, therefore, early in the month of September 1808, my wife, her sister, and myself, accompanied him; where, after remaining with him a few days, his medical attendant apprehending no immediate danger, I, having finished my melo-dramatic opera called *The Exile*, departed with it for London. Travelling by the night coach, when we reached Chippingham, we were joined by a most garrulous, but, at the same time, a most agreeable passenger, at least, such he proved to me; and as he may probably prove not unentertaining to others, I will risk narrating some of his anecdotes. This young gentleman had lately been on a visit to Lord Harcourt, at Nuneham, where he had met divers persons of celebrity; amongst others, Mrs. Siddons, of whom he spoke in terms almost of rapture, both of her public and private life. During the summer, he said, he had been at an evening party at her favourite cottage at Westbourn, on the Harrow Road, to which pleasant residence only one annoyance was attached, an adjoining small tavern and tea-garden. So narrow was the separation between these two houses, being merely divided by a hedge, that the publican, after displaying in large letters, 'Licensed to sell wines and spirituous liquors,' left remaining, in larger letters—(long placed there to mark the separate establishment)—'*N. B. No connexion with next door*.'—Proceeding to another subject, our indefatigable orator now informed us that he was present at the first review of the Prince of Wales's corps, after Andrews's appointment to the colonelship. Being asked, by a countryman standing near him, who was the commander of the regiment, our witty fellow-traveller pointed to Andrews, (whose celebrity in a particular

branch of dramatic composition must be remembered), and said, 'He with the *epilogues* on his shoulders.' Our amusing friend had likewise seen, what many others of that day had seen, a multitude of martial heroes, who, owing to Buonaparte's threatened invasion, had suddenly entered volunteer corps, and assumed a red coat and a 'flashy outside'; but he had never seen the dramatic writer, he added, who, resisting this military mania, had returned to the deputy-lieutenants, on the printed circular, as a ground of exemption from service, '*lame, and a coward!*' 'Certainly,' he continued, 'very candid, and not in the least similar to *Falstaff* or *Bessus*. My father, however,' he went on, 'has seen the said dramatist (Reynolds), and he says that he talks much better than he writes. In my opinion, certainly, this is no very difficult task, as any gentleman here, who, like myself, has had the misfortune to witness the representation of any of his innumerable five-act farces will also, I am sure, willingly testify.' 'I have seen many of them,' I replied; 'and judging by the specimens of dialogue they offer, I should imagine that the author could not even possess so much conversational talent as you seem inclined to allow him.' 'I beg your pardon,' rejoined my companion, 'my father once met him at Doctor Parr's, where, the conversation turning on the Hebrew language, Reynolds, among the rest, proceeded to give his opinions; when he was suddenly interrupted by the author of a confused and failing novel, then lately published, who jeeringly cried, 'Come, come, Mr. Dramatist, you know nothing of this matter—no—not even one of the names of the few Hebrew books now in existence.' 'Don't I,' rejoined the playwright, 'I know the names of *two*; the one is *The New Testament*, and the other is *your new novel*.' This retort completely silenced Mr. Novelist, I assure you.' 'No doubt,' I rejoined, 'for a very neat retort it is: indeed I have only one slight fault to find with your whole story, and that is, in the first place, this retort was never made by Reynolds; and, in the second place, Reynolds never dined with Dr. Parr.' 'Indeed, sir!' said my amazed companion, 'and pray who told you so?' 'Reynolds himself, who, at this moment, has the pleasure *personally* to assure you of the truth of his assertion.' Owing to the darkness of the night, I could not perceive the alteration of his countenance, for that there must have been a very striking one, I infer from the striking change in his conversation. He vowed that he had been only jesting, and hoped he had given no offence; when I, to prove I had taken none, held out my hand, and requested a continuation of his amusing conversation. From this moment he became extravagantly and ridiculously civil; helping me most prodigiously at supper, superintending the removal of my luggage from one coach to another, raising and lowering the window on a hint or even a gesture; in short, during the remainder of the journey I had an active and zealous servant, free of all expense. And this is not the first, nor will it be the last, time that an author has gained as much by censure as by panegyric. Any thing but obscurity."

Any thing but obscurity! it is well said; and if thy multitude of spirited, characteristic, and successful dramas were not sufficient to rescue thee, Frederick Reynolds, from that abhorred fate, this, thy auto-biography, would make thee a *some thing* to be long remembered and esteemed!!

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Suggestions as to the Conduct and Management of a County Election, &c. &c. By G. Butt, Solicitor. 8vo. pp. (about) 250. J. Duncan.

WE might almost begin this notice, in the usual newspaper fashion when it is wished to attract particular notice, with "WE STOP THE PRESS!" In fact the publication has reached us late in the week, and, yet, is so opportunely given to the world, that were we to allow seven days to pass without mentioning it, we should not deserve to be thought diligent caterers for the public. Mr. Butt, the author, has it seems acted as principal agent for a successful county candidate at a general election, and, at this period of electioneering, he has produced the fruits of his observation and experience for the direction of others. His book appears to us to be not only well-timed, but excellent in itself. The plan is good; and the instructions so plain that they may be understood by every person, and are not addressed merely to professional men. We observe, with approbation, that it is not overloaded with quotations or references; but is really a practical manual, with which in his hand, either candidate, voter, assessor, returning officer, sheriff, attorney, or other party concerned, may know what he is about, and how he ought to act. Such a performance cannot fail to be eminently useful at the present busy moment: and an Appendix, containing the statutes which bear on the subject, and forms for canvassing and polling, adds much to its utility and value.

A Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq., on the Subject of Sheridan's School for Scandal. pp. 24. Bath, sold by all Booksellers there; and by Longman and Co., Murray, Whittaker, Sherwood, &c. &c., London.

THIS very brief pamphlet contains a severe but able critique upon the *School for Scandal*, elicited, it seems, by what the writer considers to be a mistaken eulogium pronounced upon that celebrated comedy by Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*. After quoting the panegyric, the author maintains that, so far from being excellent in the essentials of a drama, the play is defective in at least three of the four chief requisites—*dialogue, character, plot, and moral*. He goes on to point out defects in the language, though he allows it to be generally good. The deficiencies in point of character are next discussed; the incongruities of Sir Peter Teazle, of his lady, and of Sir Oliver Surface, are shewn; the overcharged sentiment and cant of Joseph, it is argued, are too shallow to impose upon any one; and some faults are specified in the parts of Charles, and in those of Snake and other minor constituents of the *dramatis personæ*. The plot is also denounced;—the sale of the pictures as an utter improbability;—and, finally, the immorality of the whole story, and its *dénouement*, is demonstrated and insisted upon. Without taking any share in the controversy, we shall merely say, as the subject is one of high dramatic interest, that it is very cleverly treated, and with much of novelty, in this short production.

Henry the Fourth of France. A Romance. By Alicia Lefanu, Author of "the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan," &c. &c. 4 vols. 12mo. Newman and Co.

FULL of romantic sound and romantic adventure, we doubt not this novel will be interesting to a large portion of our readers. Who could withstand such sounds as Black Conrad

the Wonderful, Lord of the Golden Valley, and the Diamond Hall? and who but be interested in love adventures carried on in the Glass Valley, and by such a cavalier as Cadet le Pearle?

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 1.

LITERATURE seems to be recovering from the shock of the late crisis. Several new enterprises are undertaken in publishing standard works, of which the sale is so certain and so rapid, that the publishers run no risk in putting them at prices which require the sale of two or three thousand to merely cover expenses. Thus we have elegant octavo volumes, of 400 pages, printed on fine paper, by the Didots, at three francs and a half (less than three shillings). Corneille, Racine, Molière, Regnard, Lafontaine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Buffon, have already been published at this cheap rate. Of Voltaire, the usual sale was about five hundred copies annually, until the Bishop of Limoges hurled the thunders of the church against his works. The bishop's anathema turned out what Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, calls the *puff collusive*; for "it acted in the disguise of determined hostility;" it, indeed, did more service to the editors of Voltaire than spending a thousand guineas in puffing would have done.

The rage for compact editions is as great as ever. Voltaire is published in two volumes, and another edition is preparing in one volume. Rousseau, Molière, and Lafontaine, form each a volume, and several editions of each are simultaneously in the course of publication. La Harpe's *Course of Literature*, which ordinarily forms sixteen volumes octavo, is publishing in one volume; and the whole of the *French Theatre*, which generally makes one hundred volumes and upwards, is to be comprised in two volumes octavo.

Some alarm exists as to the re-establishment of the censorship, which it is supposed will not be confined to newspapers and new books, but affect new editions of old works.

You fancy in England that you know something of legislation. M. Comte—in his *Treatise on Legislation; or, Exposition of the General Laws according to which Nations Prosper, Decline, or remain Stationary*—has, it appears, discovered a new system, which, if it takes, you may burn all the books in your libraries on the same subject. M. Comte renders the science of legislation entirely independent of the form or object of laws. According to his doctrine, it is no matter whether a law be revolutionary or monarchical, republican or despotic. I have not seen the book, which is not yet published, although reviewed in *Le Globe*; but the moment it appears I shall give an analysis of it for the *Literary Gazette*, which, as it penetrates into every part of the civilised and even half-civilised world, will put all nations in possession of M. Comte's panacea, and procure for him at least as much glory as our friend Jeremy Bentham will reap from his *Portuguese Constitution*.

The Museum of Antiques at the Louvre is henceforth to form two divisions. The first to comprise the Greek and Roman monuments, and those of the Middle Ages, of which the Count de Clarac is to be the keeper. The second division embraces the Egyptian and oriental monuments of all kinds, and M. Champollion the younger is appointed keeper, who is ordered to deliver a course of public gratuitous lectures on the writing and the antiquities of the Egyptians, in presence of the monuments themselves. These enlightened views promise a

rich harvest in the long-lost domain of Egyptian literature; and too much praise cannot be given to the Duke de Doudeauville and the Viscount de Rochefoucauld, in their quality of director of the household and director of the fine arts, for having exercised their influence in so beneficial a manner for the interests of learning. The collection of Egyptian monuments purchased for the museum by his Majesty's command at Leghorn, is said to be exceedingly important, and will, it is expected, fill some of the *lacunæ* of Egyptian history.

The Abbé de la Mennois has been condemned to pay a fine of twenty-four shillings, and his book on *Religion considered in its Relations with Civil and Political Order*, to be destroyed. The sentence does not say whether it is to be lacerated by the hangman, and burnt at the foot of the great staircase of the Palace of Justice. This was the case with condemned books in the good old times.

Frankenstein is decidedly to come out on Monday, the 5th instant. Mr. Cooke has not yet got rid of his gout, and I fear it will make him tread the stage lamely.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE LITERARY FUND.

INDEPENDENTLY of the anniversary meeting in aid of this excellent Institution, it is pretty generally known that its friends and supporters are in the habit of dining at Greenwich before that autumnal season commences in town, during which very little business of any kind is transacted. At this meeting the latest cases of literary distress are considered and relieved; arrears of every kind settled; and the Society placed on such a footing, that, except some uncommon emergencies occur to require the Committee of Management to be specially called together, nothing of importance remains to be done till the usual meetings are resumed in October or November. The members present, and the company who do them the pleasure of joining them, are in a fit mood to enjoy a social holiday, after devoting the earlier hours to these good works; and this Greenwich festival has accordingly almost always been a source of high rational gratification to those who have attended it—has often recruited warm friends for the ensuing anniversary, and otherwise greatly promoted the interests of the Fund.

We notice it particularly now, because we observe the day appointed for it (June 21st) is nigh, and because we have been so extremely delighted with some remarks on the Institution in Mr. Reynolds's excellent *Memoirs*, that we cannot resist the wish to direct the public attention to them. We shall only further premise, that they come with tenfold weight from the pen of so acute and sensible a man as Mr. Reynolds, a man of so much observation and experience in the world, and a man whose partialities might fairly be expected to lead him to prefer charities more closely allied to the stage and its professors. Having seen so much of life, and knowing so well how to distinguish what is truly beneficial, this is Mr. Reynolds's opinion of the Society in question.

"During this month, I dined, for the first time, at the private anniversary dinner given by the committee of the Theatrical Fund of Covent Garden; an Institution that must for ever perpetuate the philanthropy and perseverance of its venerable founder Mr. Hull. Would that he had lived to behold this child of his creation in its present matured state; a state so flourishing, and still so rapidly improving, that, in all probability, within a score of years, the retired actor, like the retired officer, will receive half-pay for his services. Comparisons, no doubt, are odious; but, whilst all must sincerely rejoice at the improving state of both the Theatrical, the Musical, and other

Funds, surely it may be regretted, without the imputation of partiality, that the liberal part of the public do not imitate the charitable example of his Majesty, and subscribe more largely to the support of the LITERARY FUND; an Institution which, in former days, might have saved an Olway or a Savage, and, at the present moment, if better supported, might (though I rejoice to hear that it is annually increasing in prosperity) still better support many a distressed man of talent. What profession can be considered so laborious, and at the same time so precarious, as an author's? If he attempt to compensate for the smallness of his profits by the greatness of his exertions, he only plays a losing game, for—

‘The brain too finely wrought
Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought.’

Literature, therefore, is probably the only profession in which industry, beyond a certain point, will not avail its employer. When it is considered, that, without plays and other literary compositions, neither actors, critics, nor booksellers could exist, they, I am sure, ought to advocate the cause of the poor author, and protect and encourage an Institution so intimately connected with their own interest. Many wealthy publishers, I know, already contribute to its support; unlike those close bargainers of the olden time, who, as Merry swore, ‘drank their champagne out of authors’ skulls.’

We hope the effects of this just panegyric will be felt not only at Greenwich on Wednesday-week, but for years to come, in the proceedings of the Institution.

CAMBRIDGE, June 3.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, is adjudged to J. Sumner Brookhurst, of St. John's College.—Subject, *Venice*.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Physic.—J. R. Corrie, Caius College; H. Heberden, Downing College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Dewey, E. Leighton, Trinity College; W. Maltby, Emmanuel College.

OXFORD, June 3.—Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. H. B. W. Hillcoat, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Vaux, late Fellow of Balliol College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. Goode, Pembroke; E. B. Portman, Rev. J. A. Methuen, Christ Church; J. Gibbons, Balliol College; Grand Compounders, J. Owens, Rev. J. Nurne, Worcester College; W. Tritton, C. Ch. College; Rev. R. Meredith, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. Palmer, C. W. Watson, Christ Church; Rev. R. Mayo, St. John's College; Rev. R. Pole, Balliol College; Rev. J. Trollope, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. D. Harrison, Scholar, T. O. Le-man, J. Watson, Worcester College; F. V. Woodhouse, Exeter College; R. Townsend, St. Mary Hall; J. K. Charlton, Queen's College; R. C. Sewell, Demy of Magdalen Hall; D. C. Wrangham, G. A. Warde, C. Taylor, Scholar, Braconne College; M. Gietley, Lincoln College; E. Woodhouse, Pembroke College; J. Kynaston, V. P. H. Somerset, E. Q. Ashby, Christ Church; P. Hansell, Scholar, G. E. W. Jackson, University College; T. Ramsden, St. John's College; C. Bird, Jesus College; T. B. Lancaster, Postmaster of Merton; J. E. Pitcher, Oriel Col.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

Up stairs and down stairs, after the first three weeks, do we traverse the Exhibition, looking out for merit omitted in our earlier notices, or for subjects which may require notice, though, perhaps, unfortunately, of not quite so favourable a kind. After all our shillings' worths, we continue to think this an inferior year for our native school;—yet we have some productions to mention, which do not deserve to be passed over in silence. Among the foremost of these is—

396. *Portrait of a Child*.—Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—certainly one of the most attractive pictures in the present Exhibition, and, in our opinion, one of the most brilliant examples of the President's pencil. There is at once a force and clearness, a sparkling animation, and a truth and natural character in this sweet portrait, which render it quite enchanting. Since the days of Sir Joshua, few such children have been seen on canvass.

On the opposite side of the room (the ante-

room), and not unworthy of the juxtaposition, is 355. *Cardinal Wolsey at the Court of Francis I.*, &c., by R. T. Bone.—In consonance with the vivid style of colouring and the pictorial character and costume of this promising artist's former productions, his choice has here fallen on a subject on which his powers have been exercised to singular advantage. While the simple historical fact is graphically related, all the pomp and circumstance of such an interview are bodied forth with a skill that does great credit to his talents. But—(there is an if or but against every thing)—but in his haste, we presume, for exhibition, Mr. Bone has not sufficiently finished some, even of his prominent figures; and while parts of his picture are worthy of Harlow's fame, other parts are rather carelessly incomplete. The style altogether strongly resembles that of the artist to whom we have just alluded: and we see no young aspirant, on these walls, who bids so fair to follow in an equally brilliant track, as the painter of this picture.

23. *Battle near Boston, Lincolnshire*. J. Ward, R.A.—There are few who are greater admirers of this artist's pencil than ourselves, particularly when it is employed upon animal portraiture; but the performance before us has not only the confusion of a battle, but, superadded thereto, the unnecessary confusion of execution in art. The composition altogether appears to us to be extravagant and affected: such designs and such a style, though perfectly applicable to sketches, where indeed they have a spirited effect, do not, we think, accord with finished paintings.

In the great room and rooms adjoining, there are specimens of portraiture, by Phillips, Jackson, and Beechey, which cannot justly be overlooked; though probably we should say of the last-named R.A., that there is nothing to distinguish his works, this year, beyond his usual harmony of colouring and delicacy of touch.

66. *Portrait of a Lady*.—T. Phillips, R.A.—is a very favourable example of his talents: it displays much taste in every respect—in attitude, in colour, and in expression; and is a portrait not unworthy of Mr. P.'s high reputation.

98. *A Family Group*. J. Jackson, R.A.—This performance we also select as being remarkable for its truth and simplicity—qualities for which this painter is eminent. How well a plain style, as well as a plain tale, succeeds, is here very satisfactorily and pleasingly proven.

60. *Don Quixote doing Penance in the Sierra Morena*, &c. C. R. Leslie, R.A., Elect.—We do not consider this performance to be among the best of Mr. Leslie's productions. The costume of the knight is at variance with the character of delicacy which the author of his Adventures has given him; and the figure of Dorothea is rather loaded with drapery than dressed in the garb of a princess. In drawing, even, her head appears to be too small for the rest of her figure. There are, nevertheless, in other points, sufficient evidences of the skill which has raised Mr. Leslie's name among the elect.

323. *Canova crowned by the Genius of Grecian Sculpture*. J. P. Davis.—The death of Canova, at the age of 65, was the most memorable loss which foreign art could have sustained. The singular grace and beauty of his conceptions made an era in European sculpture. As lovers of his fine talent, and joining in the general admiration of his character, we are highly gratified by seeing a portrait so characteristic as the present of the

artist and the man. Mr. Davis's long residence at Rome gave him opportunities of which he has strikingly availed himself, as may be observed from his other works in this Exhibition (*Thorwaldsen*, 271.—*The Capuchin Frate Bernardo*, 903, &c.) The Genius of Sculpture, a form of much beauty, is holding the laurel over the head of the great artist: Canova, with his hand resting on a volume of designs of the Elgin Marbles, is gazing upwards in strong inspiration, as if the spirit of Phidias were passing into him. The countenance is a powerful likeness; and the whole, as a work of the pencil, exhibits a fine conception. The picture is placed disadvantageously; but, notwithstanding, it catches the eye of the critic, and merits general regard.

120. *The Origin of a Painter*. W. Mulready, R.A.—A boy is taking, on the wall, the profile of his father, who is “nodding in his chair.” Out of incidents of a nature as trifling as this performance represents, we have known artists of resplendent talents rise; but we lament to say that, in a much greater proportion, we have seen such juvenile efforts fostered and multiplied, till, like sickly plants checked in their progress, they withered from neglect: or, struggling on, in the end were destroyed, and sank into oblivion—their works perishing with them. This domestic scene is clothed by the artist with a rich glow of colouring; but we confess we do not understand its being granulated and speckled all over like a snake's belly:—there never was light like this light, nor a wall, nor a table, nor a chair, nor a boy, nor a girl, of this freckled complexion. Abating the fancy in which artists sometimes indulge, to paint according to an imaginary system which they evoke for the nonce, there is a mastery of handling and a skill in this picture, approaching to the admired in Flemish art.

206. *Captain Macheath upbraided by Lucy and Polly*. G. S. Newton.—Some extremely clever painting has been bestowed both upon the characters and the costume in this lively production.

REGENT'S PARK.

It appears that there is a demurring upon the subject of the two wings, or projecting houses, and open porticoes that terminate the magnificent range of buildings in the Regent's Park, to be entitled *Chester Terrace*. The learned differ as to the propriety of this part of the plan, some maintaining that those projections impede the spectator's view of the whole grand line of dwellings; whilst others assert that the open porticoes thus placed afford a variety of outline, and, by partially impeding the view, until, passing either round the wing or beneath the columns, the whole range bursts upon the eye in a grand and imposing *coup d'œil*. We are informed that the projector of all these grand works would prefer their remaining according to his original plan,—a desire which we think very reasonable, as the great *forte* of Mr. Nash lies in the picturesqueness of his general design. To pull down what is already erected in these two wings, would be making a problematical experiment at an expense of several thousand pounds.

One part of the plan of these wings was, to admit of sculptured ornaments of groups of figures on the upper part of the open porticoes, which would have produced a fine effect. The façade of the terrace, however, is to be richly decorated with statues, some of which, seven feet high, are already raised to their stations. These are not composed, as usual, of hewn

deities and heroes, but of British worthies, of different periods, who have done honour to their country, and whose memory claims this preference and national perpetuation. Those set up are, Wyckliffe, Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Harvey, Smeaton, and Watt. These are executed in artificial stone, and are the works of Mr. J. G. Bubb. The effect of the whole series, when completed, will be imposing and grand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PAST.

AND years have past since last I gazed
Upon thy faultless brow—
Have past without a sign of change—
Thou art just as lovely now.
Yet somewhat there of change has come,
Though what I scarce may say :—
Thou lookest as though our parting hour
Had been but yesterday.

Thy lip smiles—but not with the smile
It wore in days gone by ;
'Tis studied, as a sunny mask,
To hide the rising sigh.

A coronet of gems and gold
Is shining through thy hair :
It is not worth the sweet wild flowers
That thou wert wont to wear.

Yet let that pass ; and let us talk
Over the days of old :—
O no ! I could not speak of them
To listener so cold !

That smile, it freezes up the flow
Of many a kindly thought—
That courtly carelessness !—And thus
With thee the world has wrought !
Is this the sweet and simple girl,
Whose inmost soul would gush
At her least word—whose laugh and tear
Were genuine as her blush ?

I knew thee wed to wealth and state—
'Twas with a foolish joy :
I might have felt that all in life
Had its own deep alloy.

But this—my once as sister—this
I dream'd not to behold ;
Thy candour into falsehood turn'd,
And thy once warm heart cold.

It jars the thoughts of former days,
To see thee as thou art :
Farewell ! and can it be relief
From one so loved to part !

IOLE.

THE GRAVE SONG.

(From the German of Matthiæson.)

Oh ! dark is the sleep of the noble and brave,
And the night of forgetfulness rests on their grave ;

The moss-wreath o'er shadows their shrine with
its gloom,
And their name disappears from the perishing
tomb !

O when shall eternity dawn from the skies,
And the leaves of the spring that's immortal
arise ?

For low is the cell of repose for the dead,
And their couch in the dust and in ashes is
spread !

Though wreaths of young roses are twined on
my brow,

And the gay songs of Pleasure encircle me now ;
Yet when the last strain of my death-knell is
o'er,

The Minstrel shall then be remember'd no
more.

G. F. R.

"THE LAST OF THE LOTTERIES!"

THE Chancellor has pass'd the stern decree,
The daily press rings out the doleful knell,
Warning each old adventurer, that he
Must now of Lotteries take a last farewell !

Dismay and wonder now pervade Cornhill—
The printers, too, are in a dismal rout,
Swearing they ne'er shall print another bill,
When those for whom they puffed are thus
puffed out.

O Fred'rick Robinson, thou man of death !
Our scanty pittance why should you be-
grudge it ?

Why—oh ! why thus in dudgeon stop our
breath,
And shut us cruelly from out thy budget ?

What was it seem'd offensive in thine eyes,
And gave thee act a plausible pretence ?
Say—didst thou think the selling a large prize
Was in itself a capital offence ?

Whatever be the cause, the effect is sad :
Since soon must close his well-known lucky
wicket,

Bish, our Leviathan, is gone half mad,
And looks as dismal as a blank-drawn ticket.

Carrol—alas ! his carols, turned to sighs,
Seem to his cheerful name to give the lie :
Hazard, with fear of death before his eyes,
Declares he'll stand the "hazard of the die."

Swift, of the Poultry, too, is ill at ease,
His grief breaks forth in this pathetic swell—
"I go to pine on wretched bread and cheese,
For, ah ! to poultry I must bid farewell !"

Martin complains his rapid flight is check'd,
And doth the ruin of his house deplore,
Wond'ring that martins' nests don't claim
respect,

As they were wont to do in times of yore.
Richardson says the world will teem with crimes,
And woe and misery pervade the state ;
For what can prosper in those hapless times,
When Good-luck is proscribed, and out of
date ?

The web of death encircles J. D. Webb,
The common ruin on him too hath landed ;
Him, too, must reach this melancholy ebb,
And all the fortunes of the Strand be stranded.

Pidding, who did his corner much enjoy,
Says, while he contemplates the prospect dim,
"How oft I've hung out my gay blue-coat boy—
Now I must hang myself instead of him !"

Haply, next year, some friend shall say, and
weep,

As up Cornhill he takes his lonely way—
"Where are the harvests which I used to reap,
Beneath the sickle of each drawing day ?

"Ah ! where is Sivevright ?—where is Eyton
now ?

Where are the placards, which so lately told
The clustering congregation when and how
The thirty thousands were all shared and
sold ?

"Where dwelt activity, there reigneth gloom ;
My well-known friends have lost their public
rank :

The Lottery has pass'd into the tomb,
And left the world a universal blank."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRISH SKETCHES.

No. IV.—O'Dogherty's Trip.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN was as smart a boy
as ever followed a plough, handled a spade, or
stepped in shoe-leather ; no lad in the barony,

ay, even from Beerhaven to Bantry, was able
to lift a stone or goal with him, and withal he
was not a bad-looking chap neither ; but he
was what, by the way, we may call a fine *flou-
hoole* boy ; he was moreover a frolicsome fellow,
and delighted in all kinds of fun and fiddle-
relation. A wealthy farmer of the name of
John O'Dogherty, who lived in Dunmanway,
happened to come to the small town of Bantry
in the west of Ireland, on particular business,
where he arrived very early in the morning,
intending to be back to Dunmanway for dinner.
He was an exceeding fat man ; and if we can
judge by appearances, one would suppose he
could scarcely travel a mile on foot : but it so
happened that Mr. Timothy O'Sullivan came
across him and his horse just as he was enter-
ing the above-named town, and after escorting
him to the public-house, where a board was
hung out, stating that there "entertainment
for man and horse" was to be had, the farmer
familiarily invited him to take a glass, and
Timothy as familiarily accepted the invitation,
though undoubtedly it was their first interview.
However, to make a long story short, Master
Timothy slipped into the farmer's saddle while
he, good man, was finishing the X water, and
off he goes to Skibbereen, another small post-
town, sixteen miles from Bantry, but in a con-
trary direction to Dunmanway. The farmer
was speedily told by a little boy that his horse
was taken by Timothy O'Sullivan, (for all in
Bantry were well acquainted with his pranks),
and the unfortunate man set off after him as
fast as his unwieldy form could conveniently
allow him ; and, notwithstanding all his pro-
mises and threats, Timothy would not stop,
but kept jogging on, always keeping a regular
distance before the farmer, until he landed safe
in Skibbereen, where he waited his arrival,
as if nothing had happened, which was only
a few minutes, when the farmer came up
and followed him, (Timothy politely shewing
him the way,) all fuming and heated, into
a house, well known in those days by the
name of "the Wet Duck," much resorted
to by the better kind of farmers, when
anxious to indulge in a *booze*. He laughed
heartily on beholding the supercorpulent body
of O'Dogherty following him into the tap-
room of "the Wet Duck," and having taken
his hand, he shook it most cordially, and wel-
comed him to Skibbereen ; and, in the same
breath, begged of him to take a pint or two of
mulled in the warmer. A man gifted with a
temper even approximating to that of Job's
might have resented the indignity which
O'Dogherty bore with such god-like patience ;
and instead of falling into a passion, after
being obliged to walk such a distance, he be-
trayed not the slightest appearance of anger,
being one of those fair and easy going Irish-
men who take every joke in good part, and
forget all tricks played on them, for the plea-
sure of laughing them off, but more especially
for the gratification they feel in drowning
them in a pint or two. The mulled was not
refused, and down they sat in the tap-room,
inside the shop, which room was generally
appropriated to those a few degrees removed
from the "*profanum vulgus*." When the
mulled was brought, Timothy, wishing to make
it a little more palatable for Mr. O'Dogherty,
called for a *naggin* of the "queen's,"*—the
"parliament"† not being much drank there,
as 'twas supposed it created headach, nausea,
&c. &c.,—and having added a copious glass

* Potteen.

† Licensed whiskey.

thereof to the mulled, he formed a beverage well known by the appellation of "powder and ball," and insisted on his fat companion's drinking every drop of it; no such thing as a "heel tap" being known to him, so it was quaffed; and as speedily as possible Timothy prepared another after the same manner for himself, and quickly did he punish his pint, to the utter astonishment of the bare-legged little girl, who attended as tapster on such occasions, always entering the room when a table or a stool happened to be struck with the bottom of an empty pint or quart; being the only way known in those parts of summoning the attendants. "Och dhar fogh Dhen!" she exclaimed, as Timothy removed the pint from his mouth; "what a swallow he have." After sitting awhile, and surely never did O'Dogherty, in all his born days, feel the comfort of a chair so much, he asked Mr. O'Sullivan what in the world put it into his head to play such an "out of the way trick upon so helpless a man as he was." "Och, man, 'twas only on account of a frolicsome vein that I have; and when I once take the whim into my noddle, the never a bit of me but I must see it out; drink away, man, don't spare it, for the Lord knows you are as welcome to it as if it was your own.—But listen and I will tell you a trick I played upon one Jack Carthy, a very large, fat fellow, something like yourself, only that you are a new born babe compared to him, for 'tis on folks the likes of you I always wish to have my diversion: but, sir, he was so bulky and heavy, the never a step he could stir without crutches; and, besides, he was tormented with the gout, and he kept both his legs continually bandaged with flannels, so that they looked as thick almost as your body, and, without no disparagement, you are no ways a small bit of a man neither. Och! him that I *seyd* at the market-house, the night that the strolling play-actors were there, was a fool to him; and, without doubt, he was the devil himself, in respect of his size; and I think they called him Sir John Faddelstaff, or the likes of it. Well, sir, I heard one day that he was coming to his town, seated on a common cart, for by *gor* he would break down the strongest mail coach in his majesty's service: so I took the notion, and got before him on the road, which was easily done, for, believe me, the poor horse was badly able to drag him along faster than at a snail's pace; and so I got in here an hour before him, and went immediately to Dick Falrey, knowing him to have a large room to let, and told him there was a great bear coming to town as a shew. 'By dad,' says Dick, 'they shall have the use of my room;' and so he instantly gave directions to have it cleared out for this wonderful animal; and soon the report spread like wild-fire through the town, that a bear was *a-coming*; a thing of the kind never having shewed its nose here *afore*. 'A bear! a bear!' was howled and squalled by old and young, big and little; and so a great number of them sallied out and took to the road to meet the beast: they had not far to go, sure enough, when Jack appeared in view, walking slowly, with the help of his crutches, the unfortunate horse being almost knocked up, and the carrier nearly as bad. The moment they *seyd* him, they all began to huzza, and make every kind of possible noise. Some *sartinly* said 'twas no bear, but a monster of a man; but they were soon silenced by others, who said 'twas a bear as sure as a gun, and that he was dressed out in man's clothes by the way of a disguise. So when they came to within

twenty yards of the poor man, they one and all stopped short, making more remarks on him. One said, 'Arrah, look what a pair of nice pumps he have upon him for dancing at a country wedding;' another, 'What a *purty jockey* he'd make to run a castle chase;' and a third, 'Oh! the crater, what a sweet mouth for kissing he have;' and so on. Jack at last began to fret and fume, and flourished his crutch at them, by the way of frightening them; but, sir, this only increased the noise, for immediately such a *hulabullo* was sure never heard. Jack endeavoured in vain to command silence, but saw he might as well have left it alone, for never a word he said was heard; and his voice being actually construed into a bellow by their discordant noise, made them more certain that he was a real bear. Well, sir, all his threats would not do, for they kept annoying him until they saw him landed in his friend's house. But, indeed, he did not bear the joke as well as you have done, for though he and I were the best friends in the world, he never asked me to dirt a plate with him again."

O'Dogherty laughed heartily at O'Sullivan's story, who, when he had finished eating a snack that had been prepared for them, thought it nearly time for him to direct his course homewards again; so he told the farmer he would go and settle with the landlord for what he had taken; and, after wishing him a good evening and every happiness, he proceeded through the shop to the door, where he found the farmer's horse, after being brought out to him ready saddled, and having re-mounted, set off for Bantry again. The unfortunate farmer was soon apprised of his departure, and hastened to follow after him once more, when, to his surprise, he was stopped by the good landlord till he paid the reckoning, it being the custom to make the person remaining last in a house of that description accountable for the debt contracted; so the farmer was obliged to pay for all, saying, as he paid, "Sure enough I was as welcome to it as if it was my own;" and proceeded as fast as he could after Mr. Timothy O'Sullivan, having been obliged to hire a horse, and arrived in Bantry about an hour after him; and having found his jaded horse standing at the door 'twas taken from in the morning, he quietly mounted, and without even asking for Mr. O'Sullivan, for well he knew there would be no use in his so doing, he blessed his stars that he had so narrow an escape from his terrible clutches, and directed his course slowly towards his home, Dunmanway, where he arrived late that night to sleep, perhaps to dream, of the wonderful adventures of that disastrous day.

May 11th, 1836.

SIGHTS OF LONDON. IMPROVISATION.

ON Monday, the celebrated Thomaso Sgricci recited his tragedy on the Fall of Missolonghi, at the Argyll Rooms, to an audience of about a hundred persons. The high price of the tickets, a guinea, probably prevented this recitation from being so numerously attended as might have been expected; but the company present was of a select and superior order. Signor Sgricci is below the middle size; of not fine, but rather expressive features; and with dark hair, profusely arranged, which occasionally employed a finger or hand, in the midst of his most emphatic action. His manner, throughout, was exceedingly impassioned

and energetic, and some of the most striking passages were delivered with powerful effect. It ought to be observed, that on this occasion he did not improvise, but merely repeat from a book, that composition which excited so much enthusiasm when originally improvised at Paris a few weeks ago. Of course, much of the interest was wanting, and, like the reading of a part upon the stage, the occupation of arm and eye with the book was a sore drawback upon the force and propriety of gesticulation and look. The *dramatis personæ* represented, consisted of the Greek Archbishop, two of the Capitani, Selves the renegade, Ibrahim Pasha, and Elena and Sofia, two Greek women. The dialogue of all these, besides choruses, were given by Sgricci, and with considerable diversity of style, and various inflexions of voice. Mentioning the names of each speaker as they occur, is, perhaps, necessary to inform the hearer; but it is injurious to any illusion which might otherwise be excited. Upon the whole, (waiting however for a genuine example of the art before we pronounce on Signor Sgricci's accomplishments as an improvisatore, poet, and declaimer,) the scene struck us as displaying more of enthusiasm and vigour, than of discrimination or pathos. The movements of the body were often foreign,—such as seem extravagant to English eyes, but certainly not excessively so: a medium between the best of the Italian stage and a native preacher, such as Mr. Irving when warmed to the utmost. The weakest points were certainly those in which feminine tenderness or distress were attempted: the best, the heroic sentiments of the Capitani. It is reported that Sgricci and Pistrucci (who, we believe, exhibited on Monday evening), purpose improvising in public together:

Isidore, Damata: tu delide acquies, Menalca.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X.

NINE large pictures representing this grand ceremony are now exhibited in Maddox Street. They are painted by Messieurs Chabod, Lemasle, Delaval, Gaillot, Dubufe, Thomas, Champmartin, Rouget, and Souchon; and if we consider them as specimens of the French School of Arts, they undoubtedly afford us strong reasons to be proud of the superiority of the English. With the exception of the first, (and that is no great achievement,) they are extremely ill-painted subjects; the compositions, perhaps, what the various appointments, crownings, &c. required; but the colouring, as Caleb Quotem says, "sign-post daubery," the keeping out of all keeping, and the likenesses generally unlike. If we view the Exhibition, however, in its more peculiar light, it must be said that it affords a very perfect idea of the most striking parts of the ceremonial in crowning a king of France. Like the shows on the outside of the Booths at a Fair, they render a peep at the inside quite unnecessary; and therefore, to such of our readers as would like to know what a few of them saw in reality at Rheims, we would recommend a visit to Maddox Street, where they will behold the king in his bed-chamber, walking in procession, swearing to the charter, anointed, crowned, enthroned, making the oblations, taking the sacrament, and taking his dinner—all as large as life.

BAKED MAN.

MONS. CHABERT's invitation to us to White Conduit House Garden, to see him bake himself in "a hot oven," on Wednesday afternoon, reached us too late, to enable us to enjoy that

pleasure. When he is sufficiently done in that quarter, we would be much obliged to him to come and be re-baked somewhere nearer the west end, where we may enjoy the cookery. We are joined in this request by Yates's Tom Traveller, who cannot go so far even in search of "the Island," and therefore hopes to witness this initiatory scene of se-cannibalism within the limits of known latitudes and longitudes: say, about *Char-ing* +.

MUSIC.

CARL M. VON WEBER.—On Monday morning this great composer was found dead on his pillow, his head resting on his hand as calmly as if in sleep. He had, ever since he came amongst us, been in a declining and very precarious state of health; and, of late, when we saw him, the conviction was forced upon us, that he could hardly hope to revisit his native land. He had fixed on Wednesday last, however, to make the effort, when death closed his mortal career, and gave his ashes to that country where those of Handel rest.

From the statement of Weber's confidential friend who accompanied him to England, we may venture to say, that he has left no works of moment in manuscript, excepting one which has long been anxiously looked for in Germany. The title of this work was to have been *Künstlerleben* (Life of Artists), and one of its main objects was a narration of the principal incidents of his own life, interspersed with remarks on the great musical works and greatest composers of past and modern times, &c. Certain it is, that he has been long employed on this work, and that he was in the habit of keeping a regular journal, which, it is supposed, chiefly related to it. He was one of those very few German musicians, who were as good authors as they were composers; and his frequent contributions, both to the *Leipzig Musical Gazette*, and, subsequently to the establishment of the German Opera at Dresden, to the *Abendzeitung* (evening paper) of that capital, he was well trained and skilled for a production of the kind we have mentioned. It was first announced in 1826, in Brockhaus's well-known *Encyclopædia*; and as Weber furnished Brockhaus with materials for the sketch of his life, he must himself have given the first notice of it. Every lover of the art must wish for its speedy appearance.

THE Baron de la Motte Fouqué, favourably known even in this country by his *Undine*, the *Magie Ring*, &c., has informed a publisher at Mayence, by a letter, (which was afterwards printed in the Mayence paper,) that he is preparing for him a tale, entitled, the *Un-musical Musician*, which, he says, is to be of a very serious character, notwithstanding its ludicrous title. He further states, that this work will, in some manner, exhibit his own love for music and composition, associated as it is with very meagre practical attainments in that art. "Rarely," he concludes, "a poem springs up in my mind without a congenial melody, and then I hammer so long on the instrument, till I hit, at least, upon some notes that express my ideas, however remotely."

DRAMA.

MR. YATES.—It required some nerve, and confidence in his own talents, to sustain this performer in an attempt to attract the town single-handed, with an entertainment of a kind similar to that which had become so popular through the extraordinary mimetic powers of

Mr. Mathews. He did, however, screw his courage to the sticking place, and has not failed. On the contrary, he finished a very successful (interlude of a) season on Thursday; and from a repeated visit to him on the preceding evening, we will say, that success was never more deserved. We absolutely lost identity in many of his alterations of countenance and of appearance. It is strange to see so much done with the aid of wigs and dresses; but more striking still, to see the features (without any extrinsic helps) change from youth to age, from long to short, from round to square, from masculine to feminine. It is altogether a performance, which, while it keeps us constantly amused, at the same time excites great admiration at the rapidity, accuracy, and variety, with which the actor assumes and plays his many parts.

MISS MACAULEY.—On Wednesday this lady gave an entertainment at the Freemason's Tavern, which was fully attended. The public will remember her as an actress in the highest walk of the drama, and possessed of very considerable powers. On the present occasion, she trusted to her own unassisted exertions, and, in sketches of character, declaiming, song, and comic recitation, displayed much versatility and talent.

MR. PEMBERTON.—At the same rooms, a Mr. Pemberton has several times given examples of true and false declamation and rhetoric, by reciting from various authors. We regret to have it reported to us, that he has not been well attended; especially as he evinced a good deal of discrimination and a great deal of enthusiasm.

POLITICS.

The Empress Elizabeth, widow of Alexander, has only survived her husband a few months: she died at Taganrog. At home we are all astir with elections.

VARIETIES.

THE *Representative Newspaper* gives some curious mistakes of translation from English into German, as furnished by a transfusion of Mr. Crofton Croker's Irish *Fairy Tales* into that language. "He looked up into my face rather vexed like," is rendered, "he looked up, and seemed to me as if he were made of wax"—*als ware er von wachs*: and, "I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops," stands, "as nimbly as if we were springing in the dance." But in noticing these whimsical errors, we should remember the difficulty of translating the cant phraseology and idiom of Ireland into any other tongue: as for the brogue, it is impossible.

Vision.—It is stated, we know not on what authority, that there is some peculiarity in the atmosphere around the Isle of France, which, at particular times and places, enables practised persons to discover vessels at an extraordinary, and in other situations, however open, impossible, distance. No hypothesis is started to account for this fact; but instances of its accuracy are mentioned; and it is said that the power of discernment is susceptible of being taught.

The King of Prussia has presented M. Boïeldieu with a ring enriched with diamonds, in testimony of the pleasure he has received from his opera of *La Dame Blanche*. This opera, the French journals say, is about to be produced in London, Petersburg, Naples, and Berlin.

Woolen Manufacture.—The Society for the Improvement of Wool, in France, com-

posed of a number of peers, deputies, and other persons of rank well known by their zeal for agriculture and the useful arts, farmers, manufacturers, &c., continues to be exerting itself with great activity, notwithstanding an attempt which has been made to throw political discredit on some of its members.

Literary Property in France.—After no fewer than eighteen sittings, of four or five hours each, attended by some of the most distinguished literary characters in Paris, the commission appointed by Charles X. for drawing up the *projet* of a law for the security of property in literature and the fine arts, has prepared one, consisting of sixteen articles, which seems calculated to be generally satisfactory. It was originally proposed, by several persons, that the property in question should be perpetuated in the families of those by whose talents it had been created: but on mature consideration, it became evident that such a plan would be incompatible, not only with the interests of society, and the propagation of intelligence, but with the fundamental principles of French legislation. It has been determined, therefore, solely to propose, that the right in this property, limited in the first instance to ten, and afterwards to twenty, years after the death of the author, shall be extended to a term of years sufficient to constitute a kind of patrimony for his family. The families of artists and of composers will enjoy the same advantage.

Louis XI.—Curious mode of discovering when a king spoke truth. The following scrap, which we lately picked up, reminded us of the traits so characteristically painted in the novel of *Quentin Durward*. Louis XI., one of the wickedest and most treacherous sovereigns that ever reigned, was exceedingly superstitious, and would never swear by the cross of St. Lo of Angers, because in his time it was believed, that whoever violated that oath would come to a miserable death in the course of the year. His friends and enemies profited by the knowledge of this superstition, and thereby discovered the profoundest secrets of his soul. They had only to require him to swear by the cross of St. Lo; if he refused, it was a certain proof he had intended deceit. "Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare"—this maxim of Tiberius was the motto adopted by this sovereign; he had it continually on his lips; and forbade his son's (Charles VIII.) tutors to teach him any other Latin than those five words. In the truce concluded between him and Maximilian, each party trying to deceive the other, Louis said to his plenipotentiaries, "They tell you lies enough, so do you tell lies also."

An English company of players is now performing at Amsterdam: it is managed by Mr. Smithson, a brother, it is said, of Miss Smithson, of Drury Lane Theatre.

Rossini, it is reported, (but we hardly believe it,) is about to revisit London, in order to produce a new opera—the opera which he had engaged to compose when here before.

Arctic Overland Expedition.—Letters have reached this country from Captain Franklin, dated September 6th, on the Great Bear Lake. During the summer, it is stated, three several expeditions, under the captain himself, Lieutenant Back, and Dr. Richardson, had been out, preparatory to the main attempt in the ensuing year. Captain F. had penetrated to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which he found to discharge itself into an open sea. Here was a single island (now named Garry Island), and of considerable altitude, from the summit of

of which, the sea to the northward appeared quite clear of ice. To the westward, the coast was visible for a great distance, and the view terminated with a range of very high mountains, calculated to lie in about 139° W. longitude. The Expedition was in high health and spirits, well supplied, and looking forward with confidence to the approaching campaign. Dr. R. had travelled all round the lake.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Selection of Sacred Harmony, by J. Coggins, is in the press.

There is preparing for publication, a New Vitruvian Britannicum; comprehending Plans and Elevations, drawn from actual measurement, and accompanied by Scenic Views of all the most distinguished Residences in the United Kingdom, remarkable for their Architectural Features, classing with Buildings of the first consequence. Some Historic Notices will be added to each. By P. F. Robinson, Architect, author of "Poetic Hours," has in the press the Life of Carl Theodor Kerner, written by his Father, with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas, translated from the German.

Of new publications nearly ready, we find Network, or Thought in Idleness, a Series of light Essays; and a Picturesque Tour by the New Road from Chiverna on the Spilgen, and along the Rhine to Colra in the Grisons. Illustrated by 19 views, drawn on the spot by G. C. Esq., and lithographed by T. Calvert.

The Count de Noc, a French peer, has just published an Account of the English Expedition from India to Egypt, to co-operate with that under Sir Ralph Abercromby from England. This is a curious volume to come from such a quarter; and is said to contain some interesting details.

Dr. Nuttall, whose editions of "Virgil's Bucolics" and "Juvenal's Satires," internally translated, have been so much approved, is preparing for publication, on a similar plan, the entire Works of Horace; with a Treatise on Lyric Versification, and a scanning Table, exhibiting, on Musical Principles, all the various Metrics of Horace.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Norman on Revelation, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Edinburgh Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 2, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Watkins' Wisdom and Happiness, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Waite on the Thirty-Nine Articles, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Letters from Cockney Land, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Lloyd's Botanical Terminology, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Radcliffe's Gaston de Blondeville, 4 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 18s. bds.—Merrill's Travels in Chile and La Plata, 2 vols. 8vo. plates, 2s. 6d.—Truth, by the Author of Notion, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Mémoires de M. Le Prince de Montbaur, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. sewed.—Reynolds's Works, with Life, by Chalmers, 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. bds.—Selections from Owen's Works, vol. 1, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Slatter's Rural Pictures, foolscap, 3s. 6d. bds.—Howell's State Trials, vol. 33, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—North on Convulsions of Infants, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Barnes's Travels in the Mogul Empire, translated by Mack, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Wright's Plain Advice for Sick Persons, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Butt's Suggestions on Election, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Notes by a Tourist, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Hall's French Roots, royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 1	From 49. to 63.	30.85 to 30.80
Friday 2	— 49. to 66.	30.80 to 30.80
Saturday 3	— 45. to 64.	30.97 to 30.05
Sunday 4	— 41. to 67.	30.10 stationary
Monday 5	— 48. to 69.	30.19 to 30.20
Tuesday 6	— 48. to 71.	30.23 to 30.16
Wednesday 7	— 52. to 65.	30.15 stationary

Wind N. and N.E., except on the 4th, when it was S.E. and S.W.—The 1st and 2d cloudy, with frequent rain; since the 3d, generally clear.

Rain fallen .25 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Crossword is not perfect enough.—Z. should reach us on Wednesday.—The Fall of Missolonghi has become too hackneyed.—J. C. will find a letter at our office.

An Old Subscriber is informed that the infirm rubber clank of which the Editor spoke, was from Lawrence and Scott's, somewhere near St. James's Street: of Berr's patents he can furnish no further information.

The distribution of original poetry in our pages, alluded to by Cygnus, is only periodical. When the bustle of literature, in its season, and the fine arts, claim temporary attention, we are obliged to limit other portions of our composition.

Some typographical errors crept into our criticisms on the Royal Academy last week, in consequence of original notes being printed without sufficient correction.

ERRATUM.—In the second literary notice in our last, for Last read Seas.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now OPEN, from Eight o'clock in the Morning until Dark.
Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS will CLOSE on SATURDAY, June 24th, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
COPELEY FIELDING, Secretary.

New General Atlas.

MR. ARROWSMITH has just published a New General Atlas of the World, comprehending separate Maps of its various Countries, laid down from the most recent Astronomical Observations, and with the latest Improvements and Additions. Size of the Atlas, 15 inches by 15, price, coloured, 3l. 3s. (or in a superior manner, 3l. 10s.) plain, 2l. 16s.

A new Map of Ancient and Modern Greece, in 6 Sheets, 4l. 4s. and a reduced one in 1 Sheet, 14s.

A new Map of the Discoveries in New South Wales, by James Axley, Esq. Surveyor-General of that Colony, in 3 Sheets, 15s. Also,

A new Map of Guatemala, (copied from the Survey deposited in the Archives of that Country), in 1 Sheet, price 8s.

To be had at Arrowsmith's, Soho Square.

THE PROPERTY of the SUN, (established

1793) has lately passed into new hands, and it is now conducted with great spirit and vigour. The SUN contains the best leading articles from the Morning Papers, and thus presents at one view the strength and spirit of the London Press on both sides of the question; an advantage peculiar to this Journal, and one of manifest utility and convenience to persons residing in the country, who have not an opportunity of seeing all the Daily Papers. The principles of the Sun are highly loyal and Constitutional, and support the measures of His Majesty's Government, and advocating the true interests of the Public at large. The Sun contains the latest Foreign and Domestic News—Promotions in the Navy, Army, and Church—Commercial, Fashionable, Sporting, Literary, Dramatic, Scientific, and Miscellaneous Intelligence, of the most interesting description—Law and Police Reports—The Corn, Meat, Vegetable, and Hay Markets—Public Meetings—Electioneering Intelligence—and other Events of the Day, are given at full in the Sun, up to the hour of Publication. The Funds are reported up to the Closing Price, at Four o'clock, and the List of Bankrupts, when published, is given in a Second Edition, which will render the Sun a very desirable Paper in the Country. The Sun possesses the earliest and most authentic sources of information upon all subjects, and is peculiarly calculated for the display of Advertisements. It is one-third larger than the other Evening Papers, being printed in twenty columns, with beautiful new type, and worked by a machine which throws off upwards of two thousand impressions an hour. The Sun yields to no paper in London for priority of intelligence, variety and selection of matter, or manliness of principle.

Orders are received for the Sun by all Newsmen, Clerks of the Road, and Postmasters, in the United Kingdom.

The Patriot, Dublin paper, of Saturday, June 2, makes the following remark under the head of General Election:—
"We continue our articles upon elections, and are happy to perceive, that what may be termed the best London Journal, the Sun, has copied those we have hitherto written."

In a few days will be published,

LIZARD'S ANATOMICAL PLATES,
Part X. Right very highly-detailed Plates, drawn from life, with letter-press descriptions, containing the Organs of Sense and Viscera. Price 10s. 6d. plain, or 1s. coloured.
Printed for S. Highley, 174, Fleet Street, and Webb Street, St. Thomas's Hospital, London: J. Lizard, Edinburgh; and W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin.

For Arts.
On the 1st of the present month was published, by Mr. H. Fravelle, No. 9, Somerset Street, Portman Square,

A PRINT, taken from his Picture of Othello
relating the History of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona. Engraved in Mezzotint, by Mr. W. Say. Price 1l. 10s. proofs 15s. prints, 8s. 10 inches by 14.

This day is published, post 6s. 10s. boards,

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for 1826, consisting of unique Selections from the most important Books of the past Year, in Autobiography, History, Memoirs, Poetry, Voyages, and Travels.
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Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

for JUNE 1, contains, among various other interesting Articles—An Essay on the Life and Genius of Sophocles, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Mrs. Radcliffe's Posthumous Romance—The Windsor Beauties, No. 2.—Lord Bessington's De Vauxsaur—The Dublin Tabernacle—Continuations of Dr. Clark's Account of his Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, of the Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe; and of the Sketches of the latter Years of Dr. Parr—Field Flowers, by Thomas Campbell—Reminiscences of John Judkins, Esq. of Birmingham—Pictorial Romances—Popular Fallacies, by Edin-London Lyrics—the Care of Trichophony—The Pool of the Diving Friar—Chinese Jests—The Invention—The Warning—Sketches of Parisian Society, Manuscripts, and Literature—Walter's Urban—Memoir of David, the French Painter—Notes for the Month of May: Copyright of Woodstock—New Streets—Papel Theatricals—Marchioness of Londonderry—Faints—Amusements of the Month—The Gallery of Pictures—Spitalfields' Hall—Public and Private Correspondence—American Musical Taste, &c. &c.—Reviews of 17 new Books, and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, general Literature, the Drama, Biography, Politics, and Commerce.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

Reynolds's Life and Times.
On June 19th will be published, by Colnaghi and Son, Pall Mall East, an original
PORTRAIT of FREDERICK REYNOLDS,
Painted by Raphael Smith, and engraved in Mezzotint by G. T. Doo, Engraver to His Royal Highness the Duke of York; being the First of a Series of Portraits to illustrate the above popular Work.

On the 1st of June.—Price 6s.—No. XXX.

BUCKINGHAM'S ORIENTAL HERALD
contains, among other Original Articles, Timbuctoo—Law of Libel—Greek Affairs—British in India—Burma—Siam—Persia—The British in Persia—Mohammedan Law—Fourteen Coins—Christianity in the East—Hombay Marine—Japanese Antiquities—Arrowsmith's Map—Latest and Full News from the East—Debates in Parliament, with Notes—and all the usual detailed Information of the Month. This Number completes the Ninth Volume of the Work.

To be had of all Booksellers.

Just published, by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand,
A PORTRAIT of the late Dr. EDWARD JENNER, dedicated to his Majesty. Engraved by William Sharpe and William Skelton, from a Painting by Hobbay, in the possession of Edward Davis, Esq. Size, 30 by 15. Prints 31s. 6d. proof 63s.

The Manufacturers and the Agriculturists.

THE PANORAMIC MISCELLANY; or, MONTHLY MAGAZINE and REVIEW of Literature, Science, &c. Edited by J. T. WALL, Esq. late Editor of the Old Series of the Monthly Magazine, and maintaining, upon a very extended Scale, the original Principles and Purposes of that once popular Periodical, will henceforth be published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, by whom Orders and Advertisements are received, and to whom, or to the Editor, No. 1, Dorset Place, Pall Mall East, communications (post-paid) should be addressed.

No. V., published on the 31st of May, price

2s. 6d. contains (besides a great variety of Literary, Scientific, Amusive, and Miscellaneous Articles, customary Reports, &c.) Original Communications from Learned Societies and Institutions—Correspondence, Political, &c.—Illustrations of Italian Literature, &c.—and an Examination of Mr. Jacob's Report to the House of Commons, on the State of Foreign Corn, Corn Markets, and Corn Growers, and the probable Effects of free Importation on the Mercantile and Agricultural Interests of this country.

This day is published, price 6s. No. III. of

THE METROPOLITAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. Contents.—1. The Age of Folly—2. Puff Blown—3. The Infant Lays—4. Songs—5. The Domesticity of Johnes Homer—6. On Pastoral Poetry—7. The Wonders of Westminster Abbey—8. Pharmacology—9. Empedocles—10. Zamrah and Kooli—11. The Fishes—12. The Diary of Mr. Papeter—13. Glory—14. On the Early Latin Writers of English History—15. A Birth-day Musings—16. Fragments from the Pocket-Book of a Portefeille—17. The Bardings, by Charles Burton—18. Miriam's Arre—19. The Bardings, by Charles Burton—19. Miriam's Arre—20. The Bardings, by Charles Burton—20. The Bardings, by Charles Burton—21. On the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages—22. A succinct Relation of a singular Judgment—23. Scottish Songs—24. Confessions of a Zealot—25. An Essay on Percy Bysshe Shelley—26. On Classical Education—27. Sonnets—28. Records of the Vicarage—29. The New School of Cockneyism—30. Letter from a Scotch Gentleman—31. Horace in Cambridge—32. Editorial Communion.
London: Published by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall; J. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; and J. Parker, Oxford.

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new ready for Delivery. Proof, 8s. 6d.; Prints, 1s. 10s. Mr. Martin, 30, Abingdon Buildings, New Road.

MUSIC.

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THE FIFTH NUMBER of the above celebrated Work. The Words by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. with Symphonies and Accompaniments by HENRY R. BISHOP. This work is published in royal 4to. and embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. Stothard, Esq. R.A.
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